The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 160. Vol. XXVII. JANUARY, 1905. Price Sixpence.

CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 153
WHOLESALE REPORTS OF THE BOOKSELLING TRADE 156
THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY 158
THE READER—
The New Young Irelanders. By A. Macdonell 159
Hawker of Morwenstow. By C. E. Byles 164
NEW BOOKS—
Five Englishmen in Italy. By C. Lewis Hind 170
More Scott Letters. By Neil Munro 172
The Prospector. By A. St. John Adcock 173
A Biography of Balzac. By William Barry, D.D. 173
Literary Portraits. By Thomas Seccombe 174
Harvard Lectures on Greek Subjects. By T. E. Page 175
In Georgian Days. By J. H. Lobban 176
NOVEL NOTES—
The Edge of Circumstance—Ombra the Mystery—Fetters of Gold—The Reaper—Godfrey Marten—1001 Indian Nights—John Rigdon 179-80
THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—
In Pursuit of Dulcinea—Thackeray in the United States—The Downfall of Russia—The Liverpool School of Painters—Music, and other Poems 180
NOTES ON NEW BOOKS 181
NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 182

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

In presenting to our readers an interesting collection of pictures illustrative of the life of Robert Stephen Hawker of Morwenstow, we have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. John Lane for his courteous permission to reproduce a number of illustrations from the "Life of Hawker," which he will publish at an early date. This volume, we understand, will contain much new material, and will be specially valuable on account of its collection of hitherto unpublished letters. Other illustrations are taken by kind permission from Miss Jagert's "Morwenstow," and from "Cornish Ballads," by R. S. Hawker, published by Mr. John Lane.

To many of the authors mentioned in our article entitled "The New Young Irelanders," we are much indebted for their kindness in putting their photographs at our disposal.

The publication of Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Coventry Patmore" in the "Literary Lives" Series has been postponed till spring. It will be followed by Dr. Barry's "Renan," and Mr. Clement K. Shorter's "Charlotte Brontë."

"Q's" new novel, "Shining Ferry," will be issued early in the year by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. The scene of the story is the familiar Troy Town, which will also figure in a new novel which, we understand, will appear serially in *Black and White* under the title of "The Mayor of Troy."

With the publication of two more volumes in the spring, Sir M. E. Grant Duff's "Diary" will come to a close. This delightful record of the half century which ends with the accession of Edward VII. has occupied its author for the past seven years, though not to the exclusion of much other literary work.

Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick has finished a new novel, which is to be published some time this year.

To Mrs. Hugh Fraser's new novel her brother, Mr. Marion Crawford, will contribute a preface. He will also contribute some important letters to the recollections which Mrs. Fraser is to write as soon as her novel is finished.

"Sandy," a new long novel by Alice Hegan Rice, the author of the increasingly popular "Mrs. Wiggs," is announced for early publication in the forthcoming season. It tells the story of an Irish boy who goes as a stowaway to America, and then lives with one of the old families in Kentucky.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson are collaborating in a new novel on the lines of "The Lightning Conductor," the book which achieved so great a reputation in America. The motor car will be a prominent feature in the new book, and the authors' own experiences in a recent tour will be woven into the plot of the story.

Mr. Stewart Edward White's new book of travel, "The Mountains," will appear early in the spring.

A. Sarath Kumar Ghosh.
Author of "1001 Indian Nights."

The journey recounted is an eventful and exciting one over the Sierra Nevadas. The book is said to have the same open-air charm that has gained so hearty an appreciation in this country for Mr. White's recently-published "The Silent Places."

Mr. H. G. Wells's new book, "A Modern Utopia," will be published in volume form in the spring on completion of its serial issue in the *Fortnightly Review*.

Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall's new novel, "Brendle," is to be ready for publication in the autumn of this year. It is a story of English provincial life dealing with politics and society.

In point of style it is generally admitted that Peter Rosegger has no equal among contemporary German writers. He has newly finished a remarkable novel, to which he has given the daring title, "I. N. R. I." The book purports to be written by a carpenter of socialistic tendencies who is in prison awaiting capital punishment. To occupy his time he writes a Life of Christ from his own peculiar standpoint and based on recollections of his early teaching. It is a story within a story, and ends with great dramatic intensity and skill. The book, which is written with extraordinary delicacy and charm, will shortly be translated by Miss Elizabeth Lee, whose translation of Max Nordau's "Morgantic" has met with so much praise.

Professor Herford's long-expected study of Browning has been withheld till the early spring. It forms one of Messrs. Blackwood's "Modern English Writers."

One of the most noticeable travel-books of the season is the recently published "Silken East," by Mr. V. C. Scott O'Connor. Mr. O'Connor, who is now Comptroller of Assam, has a wide and intimate knowledge of Burmese life and character, and his volumes are illustrated by over four hundred reproductions from photographs taken by himself. In addition to these there are twenty coloured plates, reproduced by the latest colour-process, from paintings by the well-known artist of Burmese scenes, Mr. J. R. Middleton, with some by Mrs. Otway Wheeler Cuffe, and by one of the first native artists of the country, Saga Chone. This is one of the most successful examples of travel and art book combined.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are arranging to publish "Trixy," by Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, an exceedingly powerful attack on vivisection in the form of a love story, showing how vivisection affects the mind of the hero and ruins his career.

The "Letters of Warren Hastings to his Wife" will not now appear till spring. They are edited by Sydney C. Grier (Miss Hilda Gregg) from the unpublished originals in the British Museum.

Messrs. Hutchinson will publish immediately a work of great importance to anthropologists. This is "Cross River Natives," by Mr. Charles Partridge, assistant District Commissioner in Southern Nigeria. No book has as yet appeared dealing with these primitive people, and Mr. Partridge's photographs are of unique interest. His method has been to study the native from the native point of view. The specially interesting nature of these tribes Sir H. H. Johnston attests. They are, he says, "among those native races which at the present time seem to me best worthy of our study, because they are the most accessible and the least known."

Mr. Max Pemberton will issue in the spring his new novel, entitled "Midst the Thick Arrows."

The most popular book in the United States at the present moment is "Beverly of Graustark," by George Barr McCutcheon, of which well on 100,000 copies have already been issued. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have secured the English rights of the volume.

The excellent series of reprints entitled "Classic Novels" has met with a gratifying success. Messrs. Hutchinson announce their intention of giving complete editions of Fielding and Smollett, each in six volumes. There will be no cheaper or prettier edition in the market. In time the series will include the novels of Sterne, Goldsmith, and Le Sage.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will issue this spring

"The Correspondence of Henrik Ibsen," which has just been published in Germany. The volume contains a very important series of letters to and from Henrik Ibsen, and is in reality practically a biography of the famous Norwegian poet.

Early in spring there will be published an interesting volume on the last of the Stewarts, entitled "A Court in Exile." It is written by the Marchesa Vitelleschi, who was the Hon. Amy Cochrane-Baillie, daughter of Lord Lamington. The book, which will be handsomely illustrated, will be issued by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Amongst the works of fiction which Messrs. Methuen will publish during the forthcoming spring season will be a new volume of short stories from the pen of Mrs. B. M. Croker.

"The Parish Nurse," by Mrs. Mary E. Mann, which is now being published serially in the *Ladies' Field*, will be issued in book form in the summer by Messrs. Methuen and Co.

Miss Una L. Silberrad's new novel is, we hear, to be entitled "Curayl," and will be published in the autumn of the year in this country by Messrs. Constable and Co., and in America by Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Co., of New York.

Mr. Anthony Hope has, we understand, recently completed the manuscript of a new novel, which is entitled "Ora Pinsent." It will not be published serially, but will be issued first in book form towards the end of the year. Mr. Hope's recently published novel, "Double Harness," has been very successful, both in this country and in America.

Mr. A. W. Marchmont is at present in America, where he is superintending the production of a new play, the manuscript of which he has recently completed.

We are interested to see that Miss Marie Corelli is a contributor to the new edition of Mr. A. P. Watt's little volume of letters from his numerous clients.

We hear that the proprietors of *M.A.P.* have decided to add a serial to the many other attractive features which they offer their readers. Mr. Frankfort Moore has been commissioned to write the first story, which is to be entitled "Love Alone is Lord."

Miss Beatrice Harraden is writing a new novel, the manuscript of which she expects to complete in time for publication during next autumn season.

Messrs. F. V. White and Co. are to issue Mr. Morley Roberts' new novel, "Lady Penelope," at the end of this month. Messrs. L. C. Page and Co., of Boston, will publish the American edition of the book.

So much interest has been aroused by the correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph*, under the heading "Do we Believe?" that it has been decided to publish a selection of the material. The book will be issued at the popular price of three shillings and sixpence by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

The three hundredth anniversary of the publication of the first part of "Don Quixote" is to be celebrated by two dinners in London—one of a public nature, the other at the Whitefriars Club.

We have pleasure in announcing that the next number of THE BOOKMAN will be devoted largely to the Cervantes celebration. An article on Cervantes will appear by Major Martin Hume, who is to take the chair at the dinner at the Whitehall Rooms. Another feature of the number will be an article on Modern Spanish Literature, by Mr. Charles Rudy, the Madrid correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*.

We regret that in the Christmas Number of THE BOOKMAN we stated that Mr. Joseph Conrad's new book, "The Mirror of the Sea," would appear serially in *Blackwood*. As a matter of fact it is to appear in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. In expressing our regret for the mistake, we take leave to congratulate our contemporary on its maintenance of its usual high standard in spite of its reduction in price.

Mr. Clive Holland.
Author of "A Japanese Romance," etc.

From "Thackeray's Letters to an American Family." (Smith, Elder and Co.)

Othello and Desdemona.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

NOVEMBER 21ST TO DECEMBER 20TH, 1904.

At the time of closing this report the trade is in the final rush of the season, and upon this closing development it may be said that the principal result of the whole season depends. For although after the summer holidays are over and the autumn period opens, the literary demand is perceptibly quickened, the whole of the ensuing time is but preparatory to and anticipatory of the two or three weeks immediately preceding the festival. Therefore it can easily be imagined what important issues are during this short interval at stake.

The output during the past year has been phenomenal, and fiction has been pre-eminently the line of most importance. The sales have been both large and varied. Owing, however, to the great quantity of issues with which the trade has had to deal, it has proved quite impossible for the bookseller to stock any but the productions of authors having a well established repute.

It may be stated that although a persistent tendency to slackness appears to have prevailed in several quarters, much activity has been apparent in the wholesale houses, and the various distributing centres have had to work at high pressure throughout the day, and indeed throughout a good portion of the night, in order to cope with the demand.

The 6s. novel has been everywhere and always foremost, and the most successful items have continued to be those which have from time to time been chronicled in these reports.

Probably the most successful of the many biographical issues has been the Life of Bishop Mandell Creighton, but the Reminiscences of S. M. Hussey, Sir Henry Hawkins, and E. Marston have all found a ready market; the same may be said of the recent issue of the Life of Hugh Price Hughes.

A *vie intime* of the German Emperor and his Consort has attracted much attention.

A Life of Christ, illustrated by the great painters, from Fra Angelico to Holman Hunt, and entitled "The Gospels in Art," has appeared most opportunely as a Christmas gift book, and has met with a well deserved success.

The annual volumes which have in past years enjoyed an almost unrivalled popularity, have continued to show a marked falling off in this respect.

A well sustained demand has been experienced for "The Psalms in Human Life," by R. E. Prothero.

Apart from the 6s. novel, probably the greater portion of the Christmas trade has been in the sales of various classics, and works of past distinguished authors, reissued in the numerous pocket libraries and series which are especial favourites at the present day. Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and other well-known writers have in these issues enjoyed a renewed popularity.

"King Arthur's Wood," notwithstanding the size and price appealing to a somewhat limited public, has continued to prove one of the most appreciated gift books of the season.

Seldom does it occur that the rhymester and cartoonist are presented in such a felicitous fellowship as in the volume of "Cartoons in Rhyme and Line," by Sir Wilfrid Lawson and F. C. Gould. It is therefore somewhat superfluous to state that it has been equally fortunate in the sales.

Diaries, almanacs, and calendars in all forms, from the artistic to the prophetic, have sold freely. The leading line has undoubtedly been "Whitaker," which appears to increase in favour with each successive appearance. A special edition for bankers appears for the first time this year. The Daily Mail Year Book has also been in constant demand.

Magazines have enjoyed much success during the month, and as we close this report the *Pall Mall Magazine* appears at the reduced price of sixpence.

The following is a list of books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

God's Good Man. By Marie Corelli. (Methuen.)
The Garden of Allah. By R. Hichens. (Methuen.)
Baccarat. By Frank Danby. (Heinemann.)
The Abbess of Vlaye. By S. J. Weyman. (Longmans.)
Beatrice of Venice. By Max Pemberton. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Dialstone Lane. By W. W. Jacobs. (Newnes.)
Hearts in Exile. By John Oxenham. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Brethren. By H. R. Haggard. (Cassell.)
John Chilcote, M.P. By K. C. Thurston. (W. Blackwood.)
A Ladder of Swords. By Sir Gilbert Parker. (Heinemann.)
The Prodigal Son. By Hall Caine. (Heinemann.)

The Truants. By A. E. W. Mason. (Smith, Elder.)
At the Moorings. By Rosa N. Carey. (Macmillan.)
Double Harness. By Anthony Hope. (Hutchinson.)
The Celestial Surgeon. By F. F. Montrésor. (E. Arnold.)
Captain Amyas. By Dolf Wyllarde. (Unwin.)

Creighton (Bishop Mandell) Life. By his Wife. 2 vols. 28s. net. (Longmans.)
Reminiscences of an Irish Land Agent. By S. M. Hussey. 12s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)
After Work. By E. Marston. 10s. 6d. net. Heinemann.)
Robinson (Sir J. R.). Fifty Years of Fleet Street. 14s. net. (Macmillan.)
Hawkins (Sir E.) (Baron Brampton). Reminiscences. 2 vols. 30s. net (E. Arnold.)
Hughes (Hugh Price) Life. By his Daughter. 12s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Private Lives of William II. and his Consort. By H. W. Fischer. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)
The Gospels in Art. 5s. net and 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Psalms in Human Life. By R. E. Prothero. 5s. net. (J. Murray.)
King Arthur's Wood. By Mrs. E. S. Forbes. 42s. net. (Simpkin.)
Cartoons in Rhyme and Line. By Sir W. Lawson and F. C. Gould. 4s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)
Mr. Punch's Christmas Book. 6s. *Punch* Office.
The Golliwogg in Holland. By B. and F. K. Upton. 6s. (Longmans.)
Three Little Gardeners. By L. A. Talbot. 2s. 6d. net. (S. C. Brown.)
By Conduct and Courage. By G. A. Henty. 6s. (Blackie.)
A Little Maid. By Amy Le Feuvre. 3s. (Religious Tract Society.)
Character and Conduct. By Author of "Being and Doing." 3s. 6d. net. (Simpkin.)
Diaries and Almanacs, especially Whitaker. 1s. and 2s. net, and the Daily Mail Year Book, 1s. 6d. net.
Pocket issues in both cloth and leather bindings.
Children's Gift Books and Prizes from 1s. to 6s.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week Ending
Nov. 26—A fairly good week.
Dec. 3—Brisk in Home departments. Export quiet.
" 10—Continued activity in all departments.
" 17—Very heavy orders. Much activity.

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(2) SCOTLAND.

NOVEMBER 19TH TO DECEMBER 16TH, 1904.

Publishers had now issued all the books specially intended for Christmas sale, and booksellers were prepared for the usual brisk business which characterises the principal book-buying season. In every department the wholesalers had been busy forwarding books of all descriptions to their customers in every part of the country, and from the general excellence of the literature most in request, a fairly good Christmas trade was anticipated.

So far as Scotland was concerned Messrs. A. and C. Black's series of Beautiful Books, with illustrations in colour, maintained their popularity as Christmas gifts, and this was specially so with the following volumes, "Bonnie Scotland," "Scottish Life and Character," and "Edinburgh," the last named with its excellent descriptive letterpress by Miss Masson.

As usual, religious books were very prominent in orders received, and certainly the gift book of the season was "The Gospels in Art" in all bindings. This work obtained deserved success, and was warmly commended by all Church leaders. Of course, Dr. J. R. Miller's devotional volumes were readily bought by the numerous admirers of his writings, and Dr. J. H. Wilson's Life of Dr. Wells was considered the leading biographical work.

Children's books were as prolific and attractive as ever. Probably one of the finest issued was "In Fairyland: Tales Told Again," by Louey Chisholm, published by Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack, of Edinburgh; and less expensive, but exceedingly novel and quaint, were "The Stump Books," issued by Messrs. Treherne and Co., of London. Messrs. Macmillan's Illustrated Pocket Classics for the young could not fail to claim attention, and the sales of the Pocket Editions of Ruskin's Works showed no falling off.

Books dealing with Scotland and Scotch characteristics appeared conspicuously everywhere. Dr. Gillespie's "Humours of Scottish Life" continued to sell briskly, and for Professor Hume Brown's historical work, "Scotland in the Time of Queen Mary," and Mr. Crockett's descriptive book, "Raiderland," many orders were taken.

The quality of six shilling volumes of fiction was much higher than usual, and all our best novelists were repre-

From "The Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay." (Macmillan and Co.)

Copy of Original Frontispiece to "Evelina."

sented in the selections made. The following were specially popular: "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine; "God's Good Man," by Marie Corelli; "John Chilcote, M.P.," by Mrs. Thurston; "The Garden of Allah," by R. Hichens; "The Prospector," by Ralph Connor, and "The Abbess of Vlaye," by Stanley J. Weyman.

Annuals, annual volumes of the leading magazines, and almanacs formed a very large part of the business transacted throughout the month, and perhaps mention should be made of the success obtained for "Stead's Annual," as a newcomer, in this well contested field.

The favourite magazine, as a double number, proved to be the *Windsor*, and the appearance of the first number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* at half its former price, but without any diminution in size or in the excellence of its production, was the event of the month in this department.

The following is our list of best selling books:—

Miscellaneous.

The Gospels in Art. Edited by W. Shaw Sparrow. 5s. and 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder.)
Raiderland. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder.)
Bonnie Scotland. 20s. net. (Black.)
Scottish Life and Character. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)
Edinburgh. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)
In Fairyland: Tales Told Again. 7s. 6d. net. (Jack.)
The Humours of Scottish Life. By Dr. Gillespie. 3s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)
Dr. J. H. Wilson's Life. By Dr. Wells. 7s. 6d. (Hodder.)
John Knox. By Dr. Stalker. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Finding the Way. By Dr. J. R. Miller. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Scotland in the Time of Queen Mary. By Hume Brown. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)
The Sin of David. By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
Macmillan's Illustrated Classics. 2s. net and 3s. net. (Macmillan.)
Ruskin's Works. Pocket Edition. 2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net. (Allen.)

Six Shilling Novels.

The Prospector. By Ralph Connor. (Hodder.)
The Garden of Allah. By R. Hichens. (Methuen.)
John Chilcote, M.P. By Mrs. Thurston. (Blackwood.)
The Abbess of Vlaye. By S. J. Weyman. (Longmans.)
The Storm of London. By F. Dickberry. (Long.)
God's Good Man. By M. Corelli. (Methuen.)
The Prodigal Son. By Hall Caine. (Heinemann.)
Kate of Kate Hall. By E. T. Fowler. (Hutchinson.)
The Celestial Surgeon. By F. F. Montrésor. (Arnold.)
The Brethren. By Rider Haggard. (Cassell.)
Dialstone Lane. By W. W. Jacobs. (Newnes.)
A Japanese Romance. By Clive Holland. (Hodder.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

JANUARY 9—JANUARY 30.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS

January 9th.

WEIR MITCHELL, S.—The Youth of Washington, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
ALLARDYCE, PAUL.—Stops, and How to Punctuate. Reprint. 1s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)

January 10th.

BENNETT, ARNOLD.—Tales of the Five Powers, 6s. ... (Chatto)

January 12th.

MEREDITH, ELLIS.—Heart of my Heart, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—The Valley of the Shadow, 6s. (Methuen)
BARING-GOULD, S.—Mrs. Curgenven of Curgenven, 1s. net (Methuen)
BARLOW, JANE.—From the East Unto the West, 1s. net (Methuen)
SOUTHEY, ROBERT.—English Seamen, 6s. ..... (Methuen)

January 16th.

JANE, L. CECIL.—The Coming of Parliament. (England from 1350-1660.) Story of Nations Series. 5s. ... (Fisher Unwin)
HOLYOAKE, GEORGE JACOB.—Bygones Worth Remembering. 2 Vols. 21s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
SCHREINER, OLIVE.—Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland. Popular Edition. 1s. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
GRAVES, ALFRED PERCEVAL.—The Irish Song Book. Reprint. 1s., 2s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)

January 19th.

CAMPBELL, A. GODRIC.—A Daughter of France, 6s. (Chatto)
BESANT, SIR WALTER.—Dorothy Forster. Cheap Edition. 6d. ..... (Chatto)
PHILLPOTTS, EDEN.—The Secret Woman, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
COTTERELL, CONSTANCE.—The Virgin and the Scales, 6s. (Methuen)
DICKINSON, EMILY.—Poems. First Series. 4s. 6d. net (Methuen)
SCOTT, A. M.—Winston Spencer Churchill, 3s. 6d. ... (Metnuen)
RUSSELL, W. CLARK.—Abandoned, 6d. ..... (Methuen)
BESANT, SIR WALTER.—A Five Years' Tryst, 1s. net (Methuen)

January 23rd.

BARR, AMELIA E.—A Song of a Single Note, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
BEAVAN, ARTHUR H.—Birds I Have Known, 5s. (Fisher Unwin)
COLLODI, C.—The Story of a Puppet. Children's Library. Illustrated. 1s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
FITZGERALD, PERCY, F.S.A.—Lady Jean; the Romance of the Great Douglas Cause, 12s. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)

January 26th.

STODDART, C. WARREN.—The Island of Tranquil Delights, 6s. net ..... (Chatto)
JEROME, J. K., AND OTHERS.—Humours of Cycling. Cheap Edition. 1s. ..... (Chatto)
WHITE, PERCY.—The System, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
FITZPATRICK, MISS K.—The Weans at Rowallan, 6s. (Methuen)
KEATS, JOHN.—Poems. Introduction and Notes by E. de Selincourt. 7s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
LORIMER, G. H.—Old Gorgon Graham, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
SLADEN, DOUGLAS.—Sicily, 6s. ..... (Methuen)

January 30th.

HAYDEN, ARTHUR.—Chats on Old Furniture, 5s. net (Fisher Unwin)
HOBBES, JOHN OLIVER.—Love and the Soul Hunters. Popular Edition. 1s. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)

During the Month, Dates Uncertain.

CARTER, A. C. (Editor)—The Year's Art, 3s. 6d. net (Hutchinson)
PARTRIDGE, CHARLES, Junior.—Cross River Natives, 12s. 6d. net .....(Hutchinson)
FIELDING, HENRY.—Amelia. Classic Novels. 2 Vols. 1s. 6d. net each ..... (Hutchinson)
HUGHES, R.—The Real New York. Illustrated by H. Mayer. 7s. 6d. net ..... (Hutchinson)
CUNNINGHAM, J. F., F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.—Uganda and its Peoples. Introduction by Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., etc. 24s. net ..... (Hutchinson)
CHAPIN, ANNIE A.—Makers of Song, 5s. ..... (Hutchinson)
SERGEANT, ADELINE.—The Sixth Sense, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)
ROSADI, GIOVANNI.—The Trial of Jesus. Translated and Edited by Dr. Emil Reich, 6s. net ..... (Hutchinson)
THURSTON, E. TEMPLE.—The Apple of Eden, 6s. (Chapman and Hall)
ASKEW, ALICE AND CLAUDE.—Eve—And the Law, 6s. (Chapman and Hall)
BRAMEH, ERNEST.—The Mirror of Kong-Ho, 6s. (Chapman and Hall)
McSPADDEN, J. W.—Synopsis of Dickens's Novels, 2s. 6d. net (Chapman and Hall)
GRAY, J. W.—Shakespeare's Marriage, 10s. 6d. net (Chapman and Hall)
CANDLER, E.—Unveiling of Lhasa, about 15s. net (Edward Arnold)
RUMBOLD, SIR H.—Final Recollections of a Diplomatist, 15s. net ..... (Edward Arnold)
WEISMANN, PROF. A.—Evolution Theory. Translated by Prof. A. Thomson. 2 Vols. 32s. net ..... (Edward Arnold)
SQUIRE, CHARLES.—The Mythology of the British Islands, 12s. 6d. net ..... (Blackie and Sons)
COLERIDGE, S. T.—Select Poems. Introduction by Alice Meynell. 1s. 6d. net, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Blackie and Sons)
CARLETON, MRS.—Select Stories. Introduction by Tighe Hopkins. 1s. 6d. net, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Blackie and Sons)
SHAKESPEARE.—A Midsummer Night's Dream. Red Letter Shakespeare. 1s. 6d. net, 2s. 6d. net ... (Blackie and Sons)

THE READER.

THE NEW YOUNG IRELANDERS.

By A. Macdonell.

ONE may write, I hope, of the new literary movement in Ireland without exactly defining its limits, or enumerating all its purposes, or too nicely assigning a place, inside or out, to every talented writer in Ireland to-day. The final reason for writing of it at all is that it is a living thing; and where there is life there is constant shifting of attitudes and ambitions; there are constant accessions and secessions. It is assertive and combative; it attracts and repels, drawing the whole of this man's force, hurling that other into enmity, whom yet it may conquer to-morrow, capturing the heart of one here, who yet speaks an alien tongue, compelling some other to echo its speech, though no song of its kind was ever born in his heart. There are minor movements inside it. There are others touching it only at points. I do not know them all. They form and re-form as I write. I can only speak of the general promise and achievement, as these are understood by a Scottish Gael, one enough akin for sympathy, I would fain hope.

So far as the movement is actively propagandist—but no further—a date may be assigned to its beginning. The break up of the Nationalist party and the death of Parnell let loose forces which had hitherto been absorbed by politics. Likewise they left a hungry gap in the popular heart that had to be filled. Now came the chance of those who long had thought that the cry of "Ireland a Nation" had been too narrowly interpreted. Nationality, they said, is not merely a political fact, but a question of the heart and the soul. A Parliament on College Green will be a mockery, if we still look to England for our ideals, our songs, our books, and all that keeps the spirit alive. The people are hungry for their own food, and we have within our borders wherewith to feed them. And thence arose Irish Literary Societies, and Gaelic Leagues, and Irish Literary Theatres. The best means of deanglicisation was felt to be the revival of the Irish language where it was dead or dying, and the feeding of the popular imagination with the tales of the proud old days when Cuchulain ruled, and Finn led his mighty men to victory, and Oisin sang; or of that holy time when the nations looked to a little isle in the West for the guidance of the spirit, and Ireland was not the "distreshful counthry" she has called herself of late. The people have responded to an appeal made in their own speech and out of their own past as they had never done before to an alien culture. But the principal writers, those who represent the movement to the world, were writing before then, and their ideals were already fixed. England had recognised them kindly, as a curious isolated fact. She has not yet quite grasped their ultimate aim, being slower to recognise the significance of spiritual than of political propaganda.

Since then the schoolmaster—a genial one—has been abroad in the land, and has found a rich store from which to draw his lessons. The great folk-lorists, like Dr. Hyde and the late Mr. Larminie, the interpreters of Irish texts, like Dr. Whitley Stokes, the historians of the heroic periods, like Mr. Standish O'Grady, were there already. They have increased in numbers and in enthusiasm, and every day they seek a wider audience than the learned. "Literature," Mr. Yeats has observed, "dwindles to a mere chronicle of circumstance, or passionless phantasies, and passionless meditations, unless it is constantly flooded with the passions and beliefs of ancient times." And to name the recent Irish writers whose verse has been at least partially inspired by these heroic tales or folk legends, is to name nearly every writer of substantial merit

Photo Elliott & Fry. **The Rev. Stopford Brooke.**

—Mr. Yeats, A. E., Lionel Johnson, Mr. Larminie, Miss Nora Hopper, Dr. Todhunter, Mr. Stopford Brooke, and Mr. T. W. Rolleston. Are they more national; do they more directly appeal to Irish hearts than the men of the older generation who sought the same inspiration, say, than Ferguson or Aubrey de Vere? With "The Fair Hills of Holy Ireland" and "The Little Black Rose" in our ears, we say No. But these are golden apples on trees that did not often bear such fruit. Not Irish themes and Irish sentiments alone make a Celtic poet; and Aubrey de Vere often spoke a very English speech. Ferguson still remains the Irish poet of greatest epic force and breadth. But in artistry, in Celtic magic, in making the old tales something more than mere tales, opening from them casements over faery lands, he is far surpassed by Mr. Yeats. Perhaps Mr. Yeats is not widely read by the people. But was Ferguson? And at least for the first time in modern days he has brought the Irish heroic tales and romances into the general current of world literature. So much has he done, even if he never make the poem-cycle that shall finally embody the Irish genius in Cuchulain or in Finn.

Mr. Larminie, who died too soon, showed in "Fand" and "Moytura" a tantalising power that promised uncommon skill of expression. His ear was haunted by old lost rhythms, which he strove to catch. A note is wanting here. There is a discord there. But we can faintly guess the music to which he listened, if we cannot complete it as he might have done. And he chose his themes because they were the things his soul dwelt amongst.

On the other hand, though I know A. E.'s sincere delight in the old tales, I do not think his poetry would have been different even if, like "John Eglinton," he felt that "we cannot linger very long with these victims of passion and lonely sticklers for etiquette without feeling an overmastering inclination to wander off in pursuit of a quite modern vein of reflection." And when I find the old themes in Lionel Johnson I suspect a literary exercise.

A word for the work of the translators. Only poets can translate poetry with any approach to correctness; and a great tribute is due to Dr. Hyde for his tender versions of the "Love Songs of Connacht," and to Dr. Sigerson for his forcible and imaginative rendering of a great body of native song in "The Bards of the Gael and Gall." Books have been wanted to bring the old lore to places where fine poetry might not reach, to supply in part the tales told about the fire, when Irish was the speech at every hearth and books were unknown. And they have been forthcoming. "Pagan Ireland," by Miss Eleanor Hull (who had before brought out a learned edition of "The Cuchulain Saga") is an excellent example. Made originally for the members of a Gaelic League branch, it has found a wider audience. But two such books need special notice. I am prepared to believe they had in the beginning no literary intention, but were written only to feed the imagination of the simple, the young, and whoever loves the good tales that learned scholars often fail to give a clear impression of, with their conflicting cross lights of variants, and their bewildering parade of scientific collation. I mean Lady Gregory's "Cuchulain of Muirthemne" and her "Gods and Fighting Men." The young and simple will read and re-read them. But she has made them literature, and delightful literature. I can think of no passage in either where she has sacrificed dignity to a plain rendering, or has missed the essential poetry. Admirable story-books, they must live, and breed in young minds high thoughts and fantasies. Keats fed his imagination with Lemprière. Some Irish Keats has a better chance burrowing in such stores as these.

Mr. Yeats's dramatic work apart—I cannot consider it fully here—the promoters of the Irish Literary Theatre had mostly propagandist motives. It was not Congreve and Goldsmith and Sheridan they had in mind. But they said, "The drama is the most popular of the arts. It gathers folks together, infuses into them a common sentiment that blends and unifies. What better instrument for popular education and inspiration, especially since in Ireland there could never be any lack of excellent actors? Then, as self-consciously as Thomas Davis and his friends of Young Ireland said, "Come, let us make national songs to warm the heart of our people," so have the new Young Irelanders said, "Let us make an Irish drama and set up stages everywhere, that the people may see there enacted their own legends, their history, their national and local life, and learn to take pride in what is theirs." And Mr. George Moore blessed the undertaking with one of those too emphatic blessings of his, so dangerously lined with curses for all else beyond the object of his momentary approval. The attempt has been largely justified. But I think it ran a great risk at the first from the introduction of an element peculiarly alien. At least, some hearts sank when they read "The Heather Field." I hear that it was a great acting success. And I am not denying its genuinely poetical motive. But that out of Ireland should suddenly come a play made after the methods of that master craftsman, as he is called, that master *farceur*, as he is, the later Ibsen! Europe practically rejected Ibsen's early poetry. He has captured serious Europe by reflecting its own prose. He has chased the demon of staginess, but into the empty house worse devils seem ready to enter. That his arid genius, his negation of beauty, his anarchy of character and ideal, should capture the young stage of Ireland seemed to some intolerable. And—the thing has not happened. "The Heather Field," "The Bending of the Bough," and "The Tale of a Town," successful or not, were, I think, isolated experiments. Some of their successors may be trivial enough, one or two no more than anecdotes in dialogue, but I have seen none without some promise, without distinctly national traits. There is quick wit in them, or fun and fantasy, or ideal beauty, or they echo the domestic sentiment of a people sound at heart and free from vulgarity. Dr. Hyde's little dramas in Irish (Lady Gregory has translated them), "The Poor House," "The Twisting of the Rope," and his Nativity play, may well be the beginning of a theatre as natural in the villages as in the great towns, the villages that have had little—save books they do not read—to express their life since the wandering Raftery died sixty years ago. A more general interest

attaches to the work of some other writers for the stage, to whom the Irish Literary Theatre has given a chance rather than an inspiration, to that of Mr. Synge, for instance, whose "Riders to the Sea," played in London last year, a vigorous and beautiful experiment in poetic drama, has already a successor in "The Shadow of the Glen." Mr. Yeats has, I know, expressed his approval of the later Ibsen, and trustful persons look for Ibsenite echoes in his work. Well, they may hear some in the beginning of "Where there is Nothing." But they will find also a force of poetry there that defies the most prosaic form, and must burst any Ibsenite flask it may be poured into.

Photo Lafayette.

Miss Jane Barlow.

Ireland is a nest of singing birds to-day, and the women singers deserve a special notice. Their notes are very sweet and national and spontaneous. None of them needed the backing of a literary movement to make them sing, but they sing the more surely for the new welcome, and their significance is the better understood. Mrs. Hinkson's (Katharine Tynan's) kindly muse visits her with gentle visions of holy men in pleasant gardens, haunts her in hot London streets with memories of the foggy dew on Irish mornings, wakes her in the call of bird, the ripple of water, and the rustle of trees. She walks in a country inhabited by happy children, companionable beasts, and by very human saints. Her voice speaks out of a heart grateful and more untroubled than that of many a child. One ponderous note, and she would be trivial; but she always stops before the verse too much, and leaves a cool memory as of an hour of leisure and refreshment under trees.

There is a more poignant note in Mrs. Shorter's (Dora Sigerson's) poems, and with less careful finish, a stronger element of picturesqueness. One thing she has done with painful excellence. There is, indeed, a terrible intensity in her poetry of human relationships, lover and beloved, mother and child. She is death-haunted, and her verse haunts. The experimentalism which is abroad in Ireland to-day, a sign of lusty youth, appears, not with perfect success, in "The Woman who went to Hell," cast in rough popular mould; but in her earlier ballads, like "Cean Duv Deelish" and "All Souls' Night," she commands a rhythm and cadence that haunt the ear like a low keening over the dead. Yet one peculiar sadness of the Irish poetry of the last generation has largely passed out of the poetry of to-day—the sadness of a famine-ridden country, of the hunted rebel, of the exile. A new ray of hope has shone, a hope little influenced, I think, by material prospects. The poets' themes are other. They have discovered the value of their own souls, and if the discovery of a soul connotes pain, at least there is joy, if not happiness in it. But one voice tells the old sad tale still. The heart of Miss Lawless is full of her country's history. She follows the flight of the Wild Geese, lives with the banished in foreign camps, and watches the souls of the dead "coming home to Corca Bascinn in the morning light." So did the Young Irelanders of Davis's time, but only a few of them struck so profound a note; and over many of the notes of to-day I hear the "Dirge of the Munster Forest."

As for Nora Hopper (Mrs. Chesson), I do not know what depth of poetry is hers, but I know her power to set rhymes and lovely names and old refrains of songs without beginning or end, sounding in my ears. Her power of suggestion is extraordinary, and so is her skill of ballad rhythms. My heart is not touched; I am not saddened; but my senses are enchanted by names of power. She is as a wandering fairy of the roads, enticing the not unwilling traveller to fairy thresholds, and then vanishing—not of the kind that sweeps a mortal away from kith and kin, and keeps him, though pining and homesick, in the underland. But fairy she is. What else has kept the terror and the grime and the daily tragedy of London out of the verse of one London born and bred, who had never seen a fairy rath or Irish haunted bog or hill?

I confess Miss Jane Barlow does not take me to realms

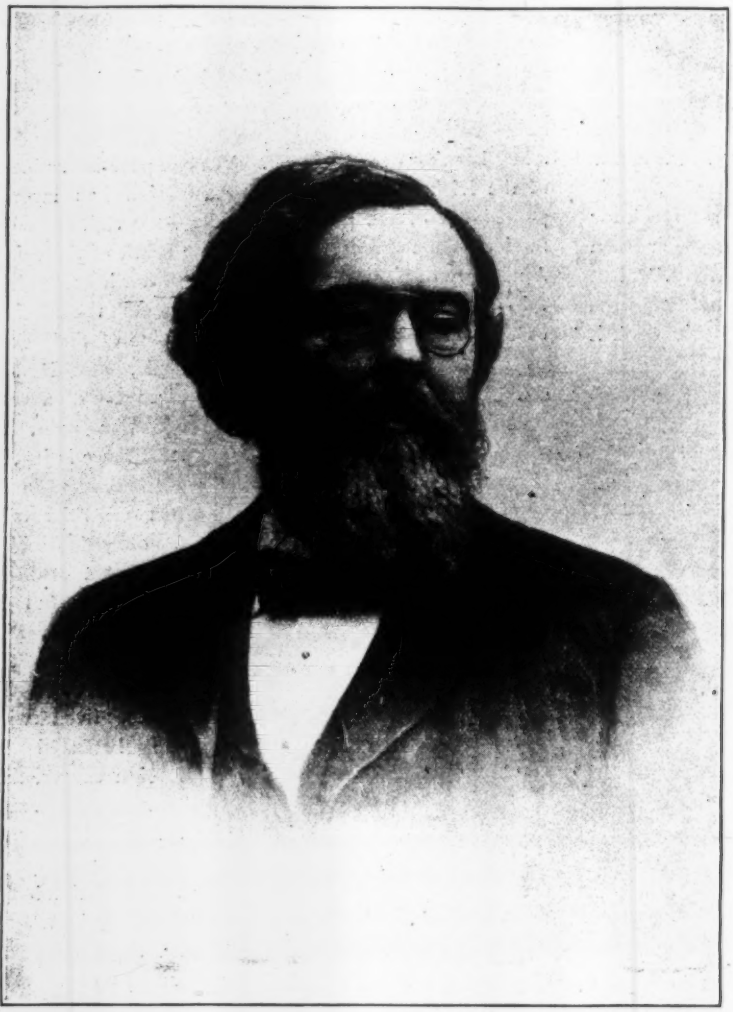


Photo Sartony. **Dr. Sigerson.**

of faerie in "The End of Elfinland." I have never been farther from them than while reading that clever and most unmagical fantasy. And now and then a heavy touch has spoiled for me the effect of her tales in verse. Yet I am not wishing she had written all her tales in prose. There is something in "Bogland Studies" that is not in "Irish Idylls," and "The Turn of the Road" is inevitably in verse. Are we to have no more of these tales? The gentler domestic drama of the Irish peasant has never been given with such refinement, such tender humour. Incomplete the picture is, of course, but if we may have more such pictures, we can find their complement elsewhere. Mr. McManus and other delightful story writers can echo the peasant's fun and his whimsies—though there is a tendency in many of them to shirk facing the worst with the best in him, the worst and the best that make him a man. Testing the Irish peasant—as he is depicted in much of the recent Irish fiction and tales in verse—by my knowledge of his cousin the Highlander, I am struck by his simplicity and charmed by his sweetness. But something I miss, and miss greatly, the spice of devilry and the war of moods. Yet I know he is not so invariably sweet; and were he so little complicated he would be no Celt. I find the best corrective outside the writers of fiction, in the folk-lorists, and in Mr. Yeats's tales of Hanrahan. I am in very good company in the "Irish Idylls" and many other delightful story books, but I feel at home with Hanrahan the Red.

Nevertheless, I am far from underrating that very national thing, the Irish peasant winsomeness, the charm of tears with a laugh in them, of laughter which is as a song. It is reflected with perfect grace in 'Moira O'Neill's' "Songs of the Glens of Antrim," a book of verse as fresh and fragrant as a summer wind. She does not interpret the Irish peasants—nothing so solemn as that. But she has given them her heart, and sings for them out of it, sings of home experience, and the hills of Antrim seen in dream, and cries from a fat English hayfield, "Och, Corrymeela an' the low south wind."

Probably the verse writer who has come nearest to the people's heart is Anna Macmanus, who died so young last year. In "The Four Winds of Eirinn" she mingles the sentiments of home and country and a heroic past, and illuminates them with a splendid hope. Her language may not always please the artist—but to say so is vain speech. Her words went straight home where they were meant to go.

> "O shadowy Finn, move slowly,
> Break not her peace so holy,
> Stir not her slumber in the grass your restless ripples lave."

But, after all, the salient point about the new Young Irelanders is not that they have made one more attempt to breathe life into the old heroic tales, not that they have started a popular or a literary theatre, not that they have a numerous band of talented writers echoing the national aspirations and reflecting the national character. It is that Ireland has become the centre for English-speaking races of the spiritual ideals, the spiritual strivings of the time. It does not stand alone. In every land there are men saying the same things. Ireland is influenced by other lands. But the voice of the Irish visionaries rings more certain, more united. They have been less shaken by the arrogance of physical science in its blustering youth, less allured by its premature promises. And, besides, their own spiritual arrogance is not a whit less robust. Look for the Real behind the shows and shapes of things. "The spirit of man is not a product of nature, but antecedes nature, and is about it, as sovereign, being of the very essence of that spirit which breathed on the face of the waters, and whose song, flowing from the silence as an incantation, summoned the stars into being out of chaos. To regain that spiritual consciousness with its untrammelled ecstasy is the hope of every mystic." So A. E. It is but right that the clearest rays of the dawning era of spiritual belief should come from a Celtic country. The Celts have never inaugurated any great ethical movement, such as the Reformation, or the emancipation of the slave. But they

Photo Chancellor, Dublin.

W. B. YEATS.

have an unbroken record of visionary belief and power. Their enemies concede it, saying "They run after shadows." And the great ethical and humanitarian movements of the nineteenth century, with all the generous energy and self-sacrifice consecrated to them, have not saved the soul of the modern world, which wallows in materialism. "Clear your minds of phantoms, and busy your hands for your neighbours' comfort," has not brought about the millennium. The time has come round to try the efficacy of "Lift up your hearts." "What do you think about when you are alone?" says the Wise Man in "The Hour Glass," to Bridget, who has given up saying her prayers. "I think about nothing. Sometimes I wonder if the pig is fattening well, or I go out to see if the crows are picking up the chickens' food."

It is by reason of its spiritual aim that a writer like the late Lionel Johnson belonged to the movement. I know the love he bore to the soil of Ireland, his love for its history, its faith. But I do not think that patriotism was of the essence of his poetry; and only now and then did he catch the music of Irish song. An austere and lonely spirit, a pathetic adherent of lost causes, a careful and cultivated artist he was, and by determination, I think, rather than by right divine, a poet. He is priest of the faith rather than prophet or than bard.

And so is "John Eglinton," the author of "Essays on the Remnant" and "Pebbles from a Brook," counted in. He has refused to feed on native sagas; has gone to Goethe and Wordsworth and Thoreau and Whitman for his food. He has said heretical things about patriotism. But he claims the right to stand apart from any civic or religious or English-made ideals which are behind his own vision. "Religion," he says, "should ensure to all men the reality of the inward life. To safeguard society is no more part of its function than it is the function of the law of gravity to keep mankind from flying away." And so is he with these visionaries.

And for like but stronger reasons is A. E. (Mr. George Russell) with them too. Perhaps the most whole-hearted visionary alive to-day, he is also a very distinguished poet. "Homeward Songs by the Way," "The Earth Breath," and "The Divine Vision" contain all his published work in verse, and the first and last the best of it. Little in bulk, they are the product of a great spiritual experience. Chilly, I have heard these poems called. I cannot own it. Warm human tears fall on the pages. He has no cloistered repulsion from the human—only a terror of the mortal which ruins the eternal hopes and joys of men. He 'leaves for Beauty Beauty's rarest flower." Here is a love song of his. Some at least will grow warm at the fire of his ecstasy—

Photo Baker Bros., Belfast. **Mr. George Russell (A. E.)**

"Do not ask for the hands of love or love's soft eyes:
They give less than love who give all, giving what wanes.
I give you the star-fire, the heart-way to Paradise,
With no death after, no arrow with stinging pains."

Surely Mr. Yeats needs no introduction anywhere at this time of day. Irish of the Irish, he combines all the poetic elements I have spoken of—save the purely domestic. Irish of the Irish, he is yet the most fastidious artist, the most undoubted and the most magical poet among English writers to-day. Just at this moment it is more fitting to give him greeting than to sum him up. I hear of his many phases. I see more of facets than of phases. Now one, now another, is turned to us. We have not seen them all. But the substance is the same. Whether he writes of the hosts riding from Knocknarea, or the man who dreamed of Fairyland and thereafter knew no rest, or of Oisin, weak and old, sighing for the great past drowned by Patrick's bells, or Cuchulain's frenzy on Baile's strand, or of wandering, drunken, dreaming Hanrahan, or Paul Ruttledge in ecstasy leading his friars to where there is nothing, the inspiration is the same. Not here among the shows of things is the reality. Yet all about us, and beneath, and above, is glory and wonder: and life is a great adventure, and infinitely worth living and spending to come nearer the glory and the wonder. Hear them in the faery music, in

the babble of rejected fools, in the tales of old passionate heroes and queens giving "a kiss in the mid battle." His is a restless wandering muse. But one is the quest, whether he call it Beauty or Wisdom or God.

They say, and he says, his ideal of form has changed, and that he desires now to speak the "country speech." I am content with the bare, bald sublimity of "Cathleen ni Hoolihan," but not if I hear no more echoes of "The Rose of the World," where sounded the most exquisite note in English poetry since Keats.

> "Bow down, archangels, in your dim abode:
> Before you were, or any hearts to beat,
> Weary and kind one lingered by His seat;
> He made the world to be a grassy road
> Before her wandering feet."

No one may dictate to so supreme an artist. I only want to know that this endeavour is a real artistic impulse and not a means of propaganda. But I have little fear for his form. The spirit in "Where there is Nothing" must find its perfect expression, and that is not prose. That spirit, by the way, is Celtic if you will; but it is universal. Each reader will find the source of it for himself. I am satisfied to trace it to one deep well I know. Six hundred and fifty years ago Paul Ruttledge, in a torn brown frock, walked the roads of Umbria and of the Marches, dwelt among the snows of the Casentino, and the rocky peaks of the Abruzzi, was hustled and harried from one Grecian isle to the other. His name was James of La Massa, and John of Alverna, and Angelo Clareno, and Peter of Morrone. And he found a friend to utter his rhapsodies in song, the mad ecstatic and great poet, Jacopone da Todi. "Where there is nothing there is God." It is Jacopone's *alta nihilitade*; and what is "the second freedom—the irresponsibility of the saints," but *la liberta francischina*?

So have I written my brief summary of what I understand of the new Young Irelanders' attempt to justify their country's soul and to save it. There may not be many great writers among them, but they count. England should reconsider the wisdom of whatever kindly encouragement she has given them. They are more dangerous to the influences dominant in England to-day than Parnell ever could have been. But they are struggling as yet. With all their differences I think of them sometimes as one, and that Raftery, the wandering fiddler outcast, speaks for them.

"I am Raftery the poet, full of hope and love, with eyes without light, with gentleness without misery. Going west on my journey with the light of my heart; weak and tired to the end of my road. I am now, and my back to a wall, playing music to empty pockets."

HAWKER OF MORWENSTOW.

By C. E. Byles.

IT is the close of a wild autumn day, and the great headlands loom through the twilight, towering motionless above the tumult of the foam. Drifts of spray, borne on the sea-wind, sweep against the face of the cliffs. In the deepening gloom a cluster of moving lights can be seen, flashing as it were from the side of a precipice.

A little party of silent men was making its way up the steep and difficult path, and among them they bore, in a rough coffin, the body of a shipwrecked sailor. Grim and weather-beaten were the faces that flickered in the torchlight, the faces of men in whose blood ran the traditions of the wreckers. But they had among them a master mind.

"The Vicar led the way. When about half-way up, a singular and striking event occurred, which moved all exceedingly. Unobserved—for all were intent on their solemn task—a vessel had neared the shore; she lay to, and, as it seemed, had watched us with night-glasses from the deck, or had discerned us from the torches and lanterns in our hands. For all at once there sounded along the air three deep and thrilling cheers! And we could see that the crew on board had manned their yards. It was manifest that their loyal and hearty voices and gestures were intended to greet and gratulate our fulfilment of duty to a brother mariner's remains."*

Such was an incident in the life of Robert Stephen Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow, to whom might fittingly be applied the *sobriquet* of Plimsoll—"the Sailor's Friend." Scenes like this were by no means uncommon in the Vicar's experience, for in the little windy churchyard on the Cornish cliffs lie the bodies of more than forty shipwrecked seamen, snatched by him from the clutches of the cruel sea. His parish, occupying the northernmost corner of Cornwall, had as its seaward boundary five miles of rugged and precipitous coast. The shore is piled with rocks and boulders, and long reefs run out into the surf, their jagged points appearing here and there among the breakers. Rolling unchecked from Labrador, the Atlantic hurls against these immovable battlements its continual thunder.

> "War! 'mid the ocean and the land!
> The battle-field Morwenna's strand,
> Where rock and ridge the bulwark keep,
> The giant warders of the deep!
>
> They come! and shall they not prevail,
> The seething surge, the gathering gale?
> They fling their wild flag to the breeze,
> The banner of a thousand seas!
>
> They come, they mount, they charge in vain,
> Thus far, incalculable main!
> No more! thine hosts have not o'erthrown
> The lichen on the barrier stone!"

Thus sings the Poet-Vicar in verse drenched and saturated with the spirit of the sea. Hawker lived for forty years at Morwenstow, and in that wild place the ocean was his one never-failing companion. Somewhat of its turbulence and changefulness became a part of his being. It is not surprising that a strong and vivid personality, cast in these surroundings, should develop on peculiar lines, and so it comes that, amid the same-

* From "Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall." By R. S. Hawker.

ness and conventions of the modern world, Hawker stands out as an unique and strangely fascinating figure.

He came of an old West-country stock, and, according to his own account, of Celtic descent, for an ancestor had been falconer to an Irish chieftain—hence the name of Hawker. He certainly had the Celtic temperament. In later times, in the middle of the eighteenth century, one of his forbears was a Mayor of Exeter. Hawker was born at Plymouth in 1803, the eldest son of a doctor, Jacob Stephen Hawker, who afterwards took orders and became Vicar of Stratton. His grandfather was the famous Calvinistic divine, Dr. Robert Hawker, Vicar of Charles Church, Plymouth, now perhaps best remembered as the author of "The Poor Man's Morning and Evening Portion." The young Robert was at an early age entrusted to his grandfather's care. Full of mischief and high spirits, he was the plague of the good Doctor and his pious congregation. After running away from several preparatory schools, he was sent to the Grammar School at Liskeard, and, later, to Cheltenham College. Here, in 1821, he published his first book of verse, "Tendrils, by Reuben," a volume which is now very scarce, and much prized by collectors of his writings.

Photo Elliott & Fry. **Dr. Douglas Hyde.**

In 1823 Hawker matriculated at Pembroke College, Oxford, and at this point comes the first and most remarkable of his eccentricities. He had only been at the University a few months, when, at the age of nineteen, he took a wife of the mature age of forty-one. She was Miss Charlotte Eliza Raleigh I'ans, daughter of Colonel Wrey I'ans, of Whitstone, near Stratton.

Mr. Baring-Gould, in his memoir of Hawker, tells us that Miss I'ans was his godmother, and had taught him his letters; but this is a mistake. Hawker was baptised at Stoke-Damerel, while his parents were living at Plymouth, and they did not become acquainted with the I'ans family until his father became Vicar of Stratton some years later, and he himself was a boy at school. The statements made to Mr. Baring-Gould doubtless arose from the Cornish genius for adding "corroborative details to a bald and unconvincing narrative." The same origin must be ascribed to Mr. Baring-Gould's story that, when Hawker learned from his father that he could not afford to send him back to Oxford, "without waiting to put on his hat, he ran from Stratton to Bude, arrived hot and blown at Efford, and proposed to Miss Charlotte I'ans to become his wife"; and also to the story that, when he returned to Oxford, "he took her there riding behind him on a pillion." The marriage was sufficiently extraordinary, without requiring these artistic embellishments. The disparity in their ages might well have justified the forebodings of their friends that it would turn out a failure; yet, strange to say, it was a singularly happy union, a fact which in itself tends to discredit the sordid motives ascribed to Hawker. His wife was a woman of education and literary ability, as well as personal attractiveness. The bond between them was that of congenial tastes, a love of books and poetry. Hawker's devotion to her never tired, and when she died, an old lady of eighty-one, he was broken-hearted.

After his marriage he returned with his wife to Oxford, removing in consequence from Pembroke to Magdalen Hall. Mrs. Hawker's two sisters accompanied them, and Hawker was known to his undergraduate acquaintance as "the man with three wives." Among the friends he made at Oxford were Francis Jeune, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, father of Sir Francis Jeune, and William Jacobson, afterwards Bishop of Chester. The fact of his being a married man does not seem to have prevented him from taking part in the usual festivities and escapades of an undergraduate's life. He recounts some of these exploits with gusto in his "Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall"; how "there were giants in those days," and how, on one occasion, "every one of the panelled doors throughout the Quadrangle of the Canons, the very seat of hoar and reverend authority, had been

Mr. J. M. Synge.

artistically painted during the night with the hue of Nimrod, a glowing hunter's red." From which it would appear that the Tractarian movement was not the only question which stirred the mind of Oxford at that date. In vacation time Hawker continued to exercise his hoaxing propensities on the good people of Cornwall. Now he is masquerading as a mermaid at Bude, and now, in company with a kindred spirit, in the morning twilight he is releasing the pigs of Boscastle, and sending them, like the Gadarene swine of old, to rush violently down a steep place—not, indeed, to perish in the waters, but to assemble at the foot of a hill up which their perspiring owners vainly endeavoured to make them return.

"Why, they do say, Captain," says one old dame to the unsuspected author of the tumult, "that all the pegs up-town have a-rebelled, and they've a be, and let one the wother out, and they be all a-gwain to sea huz-a-muz, bang!"

It was during one of his vacations, spent at Coombe Cottage, Morwenstow, that Hawker wrote his most famous ballad, "The Song of the Western Men," based on the old refrain:

"And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!"

He sent the poem, anonymously, to *The Royal Devonport Telegraph and Plymouth Chronicle*, where it appeared on September 2nd, 1826. As it was described in the heading as a "ballad written in the reign of James II.," it was naturally accepted as such, and it had so much of the antique flavour as to deceive such critics as Scott and Macaulay. It was printed as a broadside by Davies Gilbert, who also contributed it to the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1827, and in 1852 it was published by Dickens, as an old song, in *Household Words*. Hawker was in the habit of complaining that his ballad, and not himself, had become famous, but this was entirely the result of his own cryptic literary methods. Like Chatterton, he delighted in hoaxing the critics, and in reality he liked to have his work praised as that of some ancient writer. He has told us in his letters how much of his Cornish ballads was his own invention, and how scanty were the traditions on which he worked. The legends which he thus expanded, however, found their way as matters of history into guide-books and various works dealing with the West country, such as Wilkie Collins's "Rambles beyond Railways" and Walter White's "Londoner's Walk to the Land's End." Hawker somewhat unreasonably resented this use of the "traditions" which he claimed as his own, and his letters teem with violent accusations of plagiarism against authors who were, no doubt, unconscious of their obligations.

In 1827 he won the Newdigate at Oxford with his poem "Pompeii," and in the following year he took his degree. In 1831 he was ordained to the curacy of North Tamerton, a village near his wife's home at Whitstone. Here they lived for some four years, and it was during this time that he published his first notable volume of poems, "Records of the Western Shore." This little book contains nearly all his best work in the purely ballad form. Though he accomplished greater things in "The Quest of the Sangraal," he never surpassed, as simple ballads, such pieces as "The Silent Tower of Bottreaux," "Mawgan of Melhuach," "Featherstone's Doom," "The Sisters of Glen Nectan," "Annot of Benallay," "The Death Race," and, of course, the Trelawny song. Only one ballad of his later life, "Sir Ralph de Blancminster," is fit to rank with these. As he grew older, his verse became more reflective, more religious, and more self-centred, yet no less vivid and vigorous.

His prize poem "Pompeii" brought him to the notice of Henry Phillpotts (then Rector of Stanhope in Durham, and afterwards Bishop of Exeter), whose son took a copy of it home and read it in the family circle. When he became Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Phillpotts took an early opportunity of preferring Hawker, and in 1834 offered him the living of Morwenstow. He accepted the offer without hesitation, and was thus installed in the remote corner of the world where the remaining forty-one years of his life were to be passed.

It will be well to consider what manner of place Morwenstow was when the young Vicar entered on his ministry. Even at the present day, nine miles of lonely road divide it from the nearest station at Bude, but Hawker was never nearer to a railway than twenty miles, the distance from Bideford. The parish is large and thinly populated. There is no actual village of Morwenstow, the community being scattered in six or

seven small hamlets some miles distant from each other. The church and vicarage stand alone on the side of a deep combe near the sea. Little society was to be had except that of friends at a distance and the clergymen of neighbouring parishes. But Hawker found compensation for his loneliness in the grandeur and wildness of the scenery.

The parish, although lonely, is rich in antiquarian interest. The church itself is very ancient, and has some fine old Norman arches and carving. It is seated throughout with old carved oak. Besides the church there is a very interesting old house, Tonacombe Manor, which dates from the thirteenth century, and, possibly, still earlier times. Inside the fine old hall, with its stone-flagged floor, and roof supported by great beams of oak, one can well imagine oneself transported into the Middle Ages. The house has literary associations, too; for Charles Kingsley made it the original of "Chapel" in "Westward Ho!"

In the illustration showing the door of Tonacombe are to be seen several Hawker relics which are there preserved. These are his cross-handled walking-stick, some old stone vessels which he called "holy water stoups," and an old lantern, once in his possession, which has a curious history. It was made by a former owner of Tonacombe, Thomas Waddon, who died in 1755. It is of solid oak, with little windows cut out of broken wine-glasses in the shape of dice, hearts and diamonds. These broken glasses were the relics of festive evenings passed by Mr. Thomas Waddon in the company of the Vicar of Morwenstow of that period.

From an ecclesiastical point of view, Morwenstow, when Hawker entered it, was a wilderness. There had not been a resident Vicar for more than a century. The vicarage house was a ruin, and it had been stipulated by the Bishop that a new one should be built. The parishioners, naturally enough, were not much given to church-going, and their spiritual needs were under the care of the Wesleyans, who were very powerful in the district. "My people," writes Hawker, "were a mixed multitude of smugglers, wreckers, and dissenters of various hue." He and his wife took up their abode in a two-roomed cottage, and he set to work, with his whole soul and energy, to evolve order out of chaos. In five years he had built a vicarage, a parish school, and a bridge over a dangerous ford. In a word, he *made* Morwenstow.

The vicarage is a picturesque and substantial building. The chimneys are unique, being designed to represent the church towers of places where Hawker had lived—Stratton, Whitstone, North Tamerton, and Oxford. The kitchen chimney is a model of his mother's tomb.

Hawker conducted his building operations on a liberal scale. "My house will cost much," he writes. "But I ought not to build a Shoppy Residence, I think. . . . I would fain attract a good man here in every future generation." This was the spirit in which he did his work, but as a result he involved himself in financial

Photo Kate Praguell.

Nora Hopper (Mrs. Chesson).

difficulties from which he never afterwards recovered. The children of this world, we are told, are in their generation wiser than the children of light, and a neighbour of Hawker's, with whom he was not on the best of terms, remarked to him one day, when the vicarage was finished:

"You know the proverb, Mr. Hawker. 'Fools build houses, and wise men live in them.'"

"Yes," said Hawker, "and I know another. Wise men make proverbs, and fools repeat them."

Over the door of his house he set up a stone tablet bearing this inscription:

> "A House, a Glebe, a Pound a Day;
> A Pleasant Place to Watch and Pray;
> Be true to Church.—Be kind to Poor,
> O Minister! for evermore."

We have seen what Hawker made of Morwenstow. What did Morwenstow make of him? A man of vehement and original mind cannot live in isolation from the world for forty years without acquiring certain eccentricities. Hawker to some extent posed as an oddity. He deliberately avoided being like what he called "usual men." In the first place, he declined to follow the fashions of the cloth. A parson who wore a top hat and tail coat he would compare to an unemployed undertaker. Certain Arabs, he said, had met such an one in the East, and called him "the Father of Saucepans, with a slit tail." He refused to wear anything black, following in this respect the custom of the Greek Church, to which at one time he had leanings. His outer garment was either a brown cassock, or a long purple coat. He wore Hessian boots, and a brown beaver wideawake hat. "A blushing brown," he said, "was the hue of the Virgin's hair." Instead of a stiff

collar he had a limp white cravat, and instead of a waistcoat a fisherman's blue jersey, in token that he was called to be a fisher of men. A little red cross was knitted in the side, where the centurion's spear pierced the body of Christ. Everything about him had some emblematic significance. He carried a broad carpenter's pencil, in memory of the Carpenter of Nazareth. His walking-stick, which he called his "pastoral staff," had a cross-shaped handle. He used the sign of the Cross as a protection against evil spirits, and he would set up crosses on the gates of his fields in bad weather, in order to drive out the "Prince of the powers of the air." He delighted in old Cornish wayside crosses. One of these, brought from the moors, he set up in the churchyard. Another small one he placed over the Piscina which he discovered in the chancel.

Mentally, as well as externally, the Vicar of Morwenstow developed singularities. Although he was full of humour and wit in conversation, and a delightful *raconteur*, yet when alone his thoughts turned on the serious matters of religion and poetry. His library was limited, and his chances of increasing it few. He became, as he often calls himself, "a man of one book," and that the "Summa Theologiæ" of St. Thomas Aquinas. This book, as his letters show, had a paramount influence on his mind. He also affected such works as Gretser's "De Sancta Cruce," of which he has left an analysis in English. He spent hours in meditation in his chancel, where, as he frequently relates, he saw visions and received inspiration. Another favourite resort was the little hut which he built of wreckwood in the face of the cliffs. Here he would sit for hours, smoking and composing poems, with nothing before him but the broad Atlantic, and in his ears the sound of the waves breaking on the rocks far below.

But his life was by no means wholly contemplative. He kept up his communication with the outside world by means of correspondence, and it is surprising how much inner knowledge of current affairs reached him in this way, through men of note among his friends. He was also an active parish priest, and entered keenly into the religious controversies of his day. As a Churchman it was his distinction to be a pioneer in three important ecclesiastical usages. He was among the first to revive in the English Church the offertory, harvest festivals, and rural synods. With his strong love of tradition and authority, he was naturally an opponent of Dissent. But Dissenters formed the majority of his parishioners, and his personal relations with them were friendly, though he loved a joke at their expense. On one occasion, when he heard that a Dissenting family had hesitated to ask him to conduct a funeral, he inquired the reason.

"Well, sir," was the reply, "we thought you might not care to bury a Dissenter."

"Not at all," said Hawker. "I should be only too pleased to bury you all."

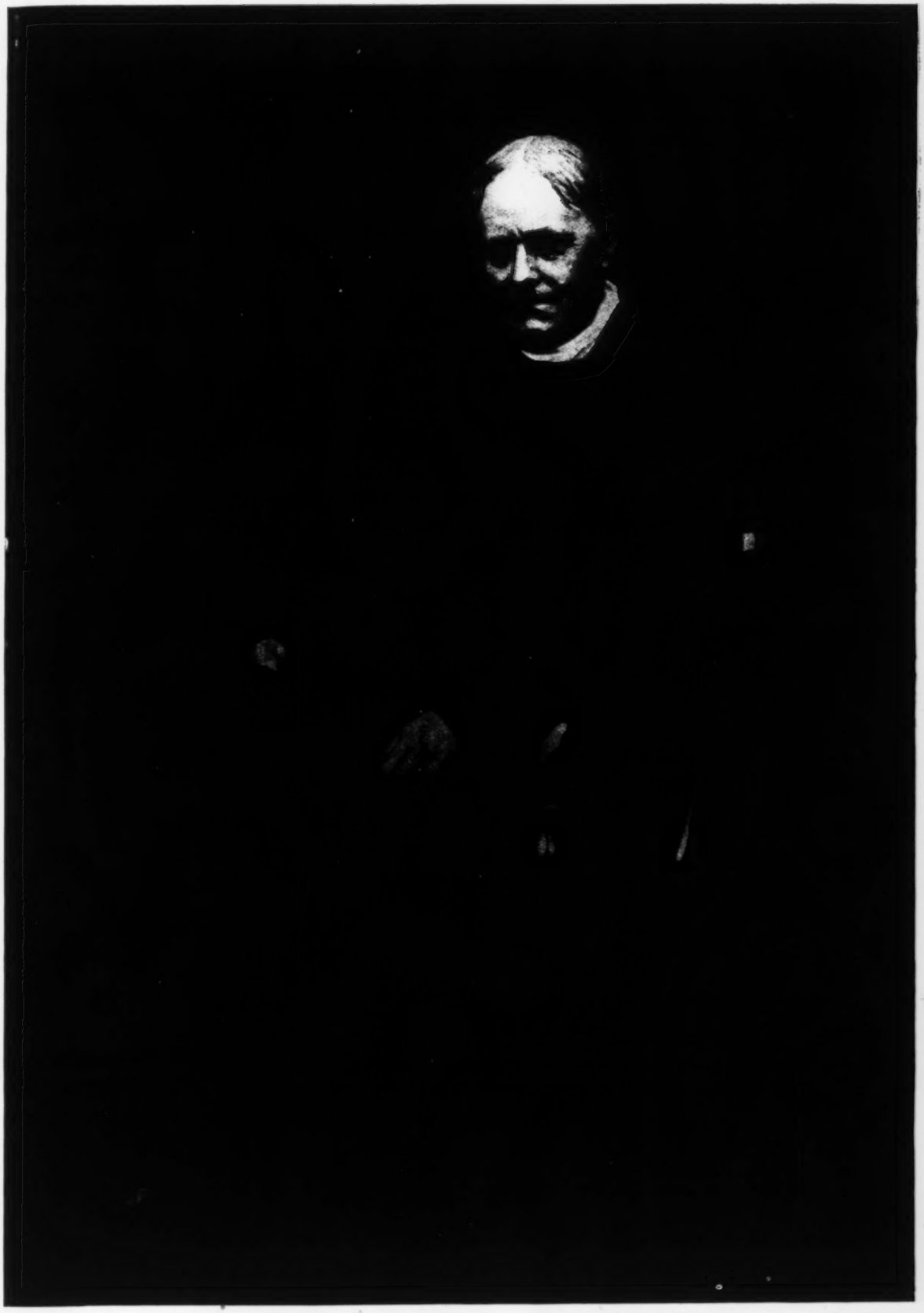
Another time he writes to a friend. "A French patrol of the guard is to occupy Morwenstow. The officer and I shall have pleasant shooting, and a corporal will carry a game-bag to pick up Dissenters in." His letters are full of pleasantries of this kind, but that there was no real malice in them was shown by the fact that young Wesleyans in the parish who had their way to make in the world found no stauncher friend than their Vicar, and since his death they have been among the foremost in honouring his memory. Once when his house was on fire, he was touched by the zeal with which Dissenters, as well as others, flocked to his assistance.

In 1863 Hawker's first wife died. There had been no children of the marriage, and he was left in utter desolation. He felt her loss bitterly. "'Tis held," says Tennyson, "that sorrow makes us wise." At any rate, it makes us poetic, and it had this effect upon Hawker. As he brooded over his grief, his mind wandered back to the days of their honeymoon, spent among the ruins of King Arthur's Castle at Tintagel, and the legends with which he had then become familiar. He saw in King Arthur a type of his own life.

"Ay! all beside can win companionship:
The churl may clip his mate beneath the thatch,
While his brown urchins nestle at his knees:
The soldier give and grasp a mutual palm,
Knit to his flesh in sinewy bonds of war:
The knight may seek at eve his castle-gate,
Mount the old stair, and lift the accustom'd latch,
To find, for throbbing brow and weary limb,
That paradise of pillows, one true breast:
But he, the lofty ruler of the land,
Like yonder Tor, first greeted by the dawn,
And wooed the latest by the lingering day,
With happy homes and hearths beneath his breast,
Must soar and gleam in solitary snow.
The lonely one is, evermore, the King."

It is a magnificent poem, this "Quest of the Sangraal," which Hawker wrote in his old age, and yet it is but an introductory portion of that which he intended to write. It tells of the origin of the Quest, not the Quest itself. Would that he had been able to complete the other four chants which he had projected, and which should have recounted the adventures of Lancelot, Perceval, Tristan, and Galahad, in their search for the Graal! Had he done this, we should have had an epic which might have gone near to eclipse the "Idylls of the King." As it is, the poem must be counted among the regrets of literature, along with "Hyperion," "Christabel," and "The Eve of St. Mark." Tennyson himself is reported to have said, "Hawker has beaten me on my own ground." He had visited Hawker in 1848, and obtained from him a good deal of material in manuscript touching the Arthurian legends. In the forthcoming biography of Hawker is given the Vicar's detailed account of this interesting meeting. Though the general subject of Arthurian romance may be considered Tennyson's own ground, Hawker was before him in dealing with the Quest, for his poem was published five years earlier than "The Holy Grail."

Soon after the publication of his "Quest," in 1864, Hawker had an attack of brain fever. He recovered, and, such was his amazing vitality, he seemed to enter at this point on a new lease of life. He married again! and his second experiment in matrimony was as remarkable as the first, for while his first wife had been old enough to be his mother, his second wife was young enough to be his grand-daughter! We find in his verse from this time what it had previously lacked, the love



Reproduced from a Photograph, by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

The Rev. J. S. Hawker.
Father of Robert Stephen Hawker.

lyric. This element appears both in poems addressed to his bride, and in other pieces.

It was after his second marriage also that he wrote most of the sketches contained in "Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall," which so abundantly reveal his humorous side, while his poetry reveals his religious side. But his powers were beginning to wane. In these later years troubles increased upon him. Three children were born to him, and to the financial burdens which already weighed him down was added anxiety for their future. His health was giving way, and with it all his mind was harassed by religious difficulties. He had seen Bishop Phillpotts succeeded at Exeter by one of the authors of "Essays and Reviews," Dr. Temple, whom he regarded as little better than an infidel; he had seen the justification of Bishop Colenso, the appointment of Tait, whose baptism was called in question, to Canterbury, and the passing of the Public Worship Regulation Act. All these events were directly opposed to his own church theories. His reception on his death-bed, in 1875, into the Church of Rome, which was ascribed by some who knew him to his young wife's influence, seems intelligible as the culmination of a gradual process, a process, to him, fraught with mental torture. Hawker's own letters are an instructive commentary upon it, and afford the only possible means of judging the case fairly. In his lonely life, he found in correspondence a substitute for society, and an outlet for the thoughts that pressed upon him. He poured out his heart to a few intimate friends, on this and other matters, with an amount of self-criticism and self-revelation to which it would be hard to find a parallel. The number of his letters which have been preserved in various quarters is truly astonishing, and must no doubt be attributed to the original and striking nature of their contents. It is the present writer's belief that they will occupy a high and lasting place in epistolary literature.

Rev. Robert Hawker, D.D.
Vicar of Charles Church, Plymouth; Grandfather of Robert Stephen Hawker.

New Books.

FIVE ENGLISHMEN IN ITALY.

A bibliophile would describe the condition of my copy of Mr. Hewlett's "The Road in Tuscany"* as disgraceful. There is hardly a page but the margin is scored with pencil marks. Often they are mere exclamations of sheer delight in the squirrel-like gaiety of Mr. Hewlett's prose. The ichor of youth still runs through the veins of it, and, with all his knowledge, the dust of learning never clogs the elaborated sap of his temperament. Some of my pencil marks in the margins are scrawls of indignant criticism, and ironical comments which, if I could read them, would be, I am sure, most sarcastic. But first let there be thanks for a fine book.

Mr. Hewlett is like a young horse who is always bolting with the bit between his teeth. Well, that might be exciting and enjoyable for those in the cart, were he not for ever turning his head to throw off some contemptuous remark about folk who have travelled the road before him. His attitude towards the wayfarers, who may be called his readers, is usually one of intellectual disdain. He has been well described as the Superior Person, who is also an Open Air man. This habit of disdain annoys, irritates: it is unnecessary. But what a writer he is! Now that Mr. Meredith has ceased to produce, I doubt if there is any living Englishman who knows so well, and can make us understand, that words have colour, that they are alive; who can flash the picture he has seen, a prism of light before our eyes, and can breathe life into dead men and women, sculptures and pictures (those that he likes). As a writer he stands up as muscular as Sandow on the hoardings, and flings his thoughts, moods, and emotions to the winds. Self-expression is what he enjoys. "Like me or not, I am indifferent," you can almost hear him saying, "I am what I am." Mr. Hewlett is neither persuasive, gracious, nor modest. He is no propagandist. He is the interested narrator of his soul's brilliant adventures, and that soul, when it is not lashing out at its fellows, or genuflecting before the graces of pretty dead women, turns, trampling (yearning is not the *mot juste* to use in connection with Mr. Hewlett's soul), towards that Faith that is still the official faith of Italy. That is the emotional Mr. Hewlett. Intellec-

* "The Road in Tuscany: A Commentary." By Maurice Hewlett. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. Two vols. (Macmillan and Co.)

"Sketches on the Old Road Through France to Florence." By A. H. Hallam Murray. Accompanied by H. W. Nevinson and Montgomery Carmichael. 21s. net. (John Murray.)

tually he is at heart a Puritan with a passion for incense, and a grim eye on the Four Last Things. Hear him:

"The limpidity of the Della Robbia, the exquisite impertinence of the Desiderios and Minos, the amorous reveries of Botticelli, even the crystal of Ghirlandajo, when you have pierced the enamel of their extraordinary accomplishment, and have allowed for a certain deal of observation in the artists, give you proof of just so much trifling with matters of moment, or with matters which would be of moment to anybody else. Love, life, death, heaven, hell, to all the people upon earth, are mute familiars of the hearth. These are the gods we needs must worship, and cannot worship ignorantly."

Mr. Hewlett knows Italy as a lover, has always known her, has always loved her. To follow his track through Tuscany, is to be born again under the Italian sky. And if you have not time to read these two volumes, just concentrate on the chapters called "Dante and the Traveller," and "The World a Garden"; on that exquisite tale of real life thrust away into an appendix about Donna Berta and Ser Martino; every word he has to say about Dante and Ghirlandajo, and the Florentine ladies, those "lovely, free-bosomed, high-headed, frail, tender, silly women"; his reference to the *Choëphoroe* on the Parthenon frieze—"those meek and burdened beauties carrying baskets on their heads"; his talk about the lost city of Semifonte, the horrid story of Santa Fina, and the menace of San Gimignano.

Who could but be grateful to a writer who makes such a sentence as this—

"Not ten of your forty miles in solitary places will have been told before you feel the heart of a lost child panic-blown in your body, and all your being wailful for a sight of the lowlands."

Or this—

"As for Ser Martino himself, do you desire to see his patient, wise, far-seeing blue eyes, his hanging chaps, his creased hands, which he is so fond of hiding in the sleeves of his gown?"

Or this—

"A Cassone-picture is for one's bedroom, to be pored over in early wakeful hours, and read from, story upon story. For stories come into the room long before your servant."

For such things, for the communication of his mind and heart in buoyant pages I can forgive Mr. Hewlett much. Forgive his air of disdainful superiority (after all it is the man himself, and it is the man himself we want in art) to everybody except, say, Dante, Ghirlandajo, Della Quercia; an old man who begged of him, and the girls he met by the wayside. Forgive his foolish allusion to Shelley—"pathetic memory of a man not all a fool"—and the petty narrowness of his allusion to Ruskin—"Professor Ruskin seldom left the pulpit." Heavens! Has Mr. Hewlett read Ruskin? Mr. Hewlett may remember a passage on page 53 of the first volume of this book, when speaking of Landor's comments on the Ugolino incident in Dante, he says: "Landor takes upon himself to belittle one whose knees he could hardly hope to discover." So! But it is a book; a joyous, free, knowing book about the country every Englishman's heart hungers for, and my copy is falling to pieces through constant thumbing and companionship.

To its pages Mr. Pennell supplies over 150 illustrations. To its pages I say advisedly, for author and artist have gone their separate ways, although they have travelled the same road. Everything that Mr. Pennell does has charm, and his vision is always that of the artist; but surely an artist should illustrate the author's text. Thrilled, that is the word, thrilled, by Mr. Hewlett's description of Della Quercia's recumbent monument to that "arrowy lady," Ilaria del Caretto, in St. Martin's at Lucca, I turn the page, longing to see her again through Mr. Pennell's eyes, and I find, what?—an architectural view of the Duomo. Again and again this happens; but once artist and author embrace, kindled by the mystery of San Gimignano's dark towers, "all pathetic, all a faltered treble in the minor."

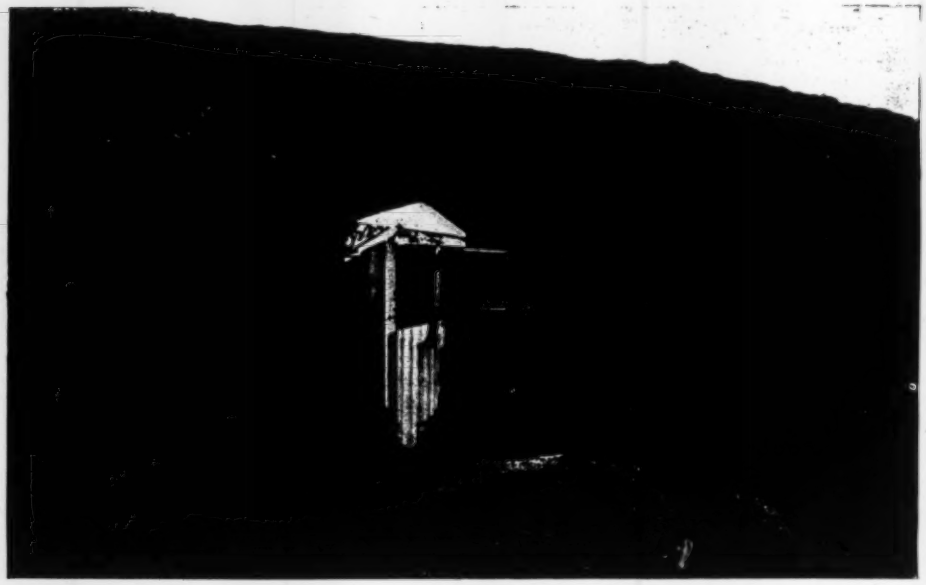
This complaint cannot be urged against the other book of Italian travel that forms the subject of this article. Mr. A. H. Hallam Murray, the artist, you observe, was accompanied by his writers, Mr. H. W. Nevinson and Mr. Montgomery Carmichael. Mr. Hewlett's is a travel book accompanied by illustrations; this is the record of an artist's wanderings through France to Florence, accompanied by descriptive letterpress from two accomplished pens. They have done their work well. Mr. Nevinson's writing has a quality of its own, and he composes like a man of letters

Hawker as an Undergraduate.

called by his love of adventure to be a war-correspondent. Those who have read Mr. Carmichael's book on Tuscany do not need to be told that he knows Tuscany; here he is as learned, and as contentious, and as bustling as ever. The book is a sumptuous production, and Mr. Murray's many pictures in colour, and reproductions in the text, have just that air of exactitude that enables the arm-chair traveller to see through his eyes, and to imagine all the lovely places and buildings on the Old Road.

So here are two attractive volumes by Englishmen on Italy. Not exactly the kind of books to take with one on the old road that calls afresh every spring. They are for home consumption. For the journey itself let the wayfarer follow

Hawker's Birthplace. No. 6, Norley Street, Plymouth.



Hawker's Hut, built of wreckwood, in the face of the Cliffs at Morwenstow.

Here he composed "The Quest of the Sangraal."

Mr. Hewlett's advice and take with him Dante ("his poem possesses the three indispensables to a travel book: it inspires travel, it illuminates travel, and it recalls it,") and Professor Tigri's anthology.

And—and that indispensable book that everybody sneers at, but lacking which one is like a householder without a servant. Mr. Hewlett never refers to him without a tag of the Superior Person's scorn. I for one, if he ever dies, which of course can never be, will lay a wreath of gratitude on the tomb of Karl Baedeker. He provides the facts: it is the traveller's business to supply the sentiment.

C. LEWIS HIND.

MORE SCOTT LETTERS.*

In Lockhart's Life of Scott, there is, odd to say, but a single reference to Mrs. Hughes of Uffington. "My clever, active, bustling friend, Mrs. Hughes," Scott called her in a letter to Southey, and the adjectives give some clue to the character of the lady, who was wife of a Canon-in-Residence at St. Paul's, who worshipped the genius of Scott, plied him persistently with epistles, visited him twice at Abbotsford, made notes of his conversation, and a diary of her own adventures in the land he had glorified in poetry and romance. Mr. Horace Hutchinson has edited these "Letters and Recollections of Sir Walter Scott"; has prefaced them with a brief memoir of the lady by a grandson now in America, and, with the judicious sandwiching of Mrs. Hughes' diary between the documents more properly referring to Scott, has produced a volume which will be read with the keenest pleasure by everyone who is interested in Scott and his circle.

The letters cover a period of ten years—from 1821 to 1831; they relate thus to the time of Scott's anonymity as a romancer and the years of financial disaster. A few of them are of little importance; others manifest every charm of their writer as a correspondent—even with "clever, active, bustling" little women, and have a bearing more or less intimate on the author's life and art. On two occasions at least, Scott had to fib determinedly in order to stave off the curiosity of the lady as to the authorship of the Waverley novels. "You mistake when you give me any credit for being concerned with these far-famed novels," he wrote to her in March, 1821; "but I am not the less amused with the hasty dexterity of the good folks of Cumnor and its vicinity in getting all their traditional lore into order so as to meet the taste of the public. I could have wished the author had chosen a more heroical death for his fair victim." This, of course, refers to "Kenilworth," and the allusion to Cumnor is in answer to Mrs. Hughes' information that the landlord of the "Red Lion" in Cumnor, with an advertising enterprise quite worthy of the twentieth century, had put up a new sign—"The Black Bear, late Giles Gosling." But Mrs. Hughes, the "clever, active, bustling" body, was too painfully pertinacious; she had to get another letter from Scott a year later in which he said, "I really assure you I am *not* the author of the novels which the world ascribe (*sic*) to me so pertinaciously. If I were, what good reason should I have for concealing, being such a hackneyd scribbler as I am?" Nevertheless, the lady remained of the same opinion, and confided to her Diary, when on a visit to Abbotsford in 1824, "It is natural after such a free and perfectly confidential intercourse with Sir W. Scott to weigh in one's mind the question whether he is the 'Great Unknown.' I am so fully convinced of it, that were it a decision on which Martyrdom depended, burnt I must be; why he denies it I cannot guess, but I now know him too well not to be sure that his reasons are good, and whenever they are known will do him honour." And then—plainly after using a housewife's eye in the Scott household, she goes on to add, "One cause for taxing the palm on him is obvious to everyone—his great accumulation of property—years have elapsed since he published an avowed work of any consequence, and yet there must be a *mine* from which he has drawn to purchase so largely, to plant so extensively, to build and fit up a house on so great a scale of expense, to live in that house in a manner as elegant as it is hospitable, to maintain so many people, and to do so much good." And Abbotsford itself charmed Mrs. Hughes, whose accord with early nineteenth century ideas of the artistic arouses an enthusiasm in her for ceilings and plaster "painted like oak with such exactness that it is impossible to detect it from the finest oak carving without scraping it."

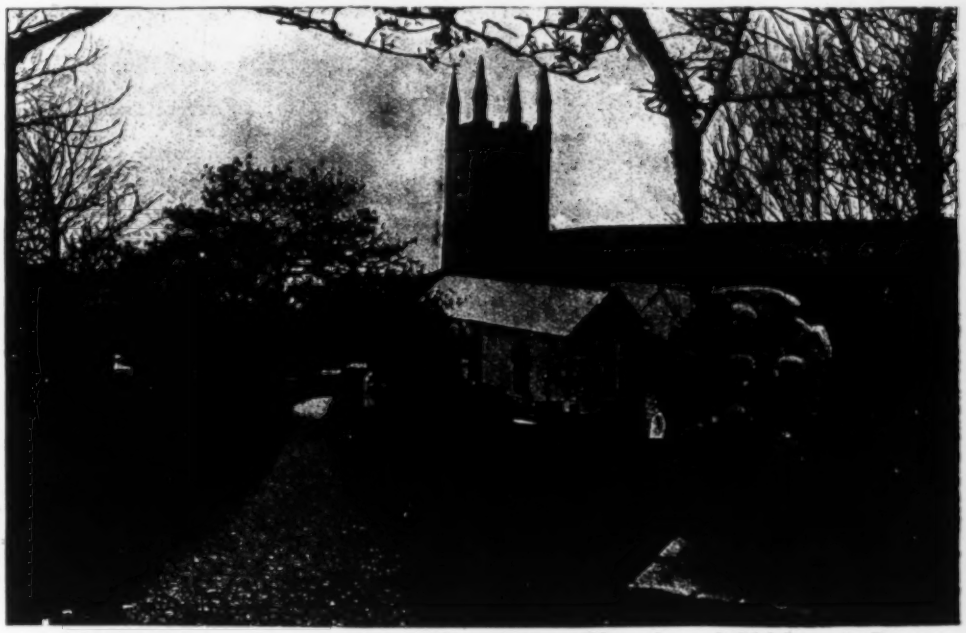
Though some of these letters were written, as has been said, when Scott's fortunes were sadly lowered, we have no revelation of bitterness or melancholy. A calm, philosophic, and even cheerful soul speaks in all of them. "Looking at the thing from the worst point of view," he writes, after the failure of his publishers, "I cannot think that I am entitled to claim the commiseration of anyone since I have made an arrangement for settling these affairs to the satisfaction of every party concerned, so far as yet appears, which leaves an income with me ample for all the comforts and many of the elegancies of life. . . . I am far richer than Generals and Admirals, who have led fleets and armies to battle. . . . It is a bad business, but it might have been worse." As a matter of fact, Scott's epistles were more full and genial after his embarrassment than before it. Though in one letter he dubbed Byron "much of a Crammer, *i.e.*, sometimes told his bottle-holder a lot of romances for which he seriously claimed credit," there is, in another letter, a generous appreciation of his good parts. As for Wordsworth, he "is a man and a gentleman every inch of him, unless he is mounted on his critical hobby horse, and tells one Pope is no poet; he might as well say Wellington is no soldier because he wears a blue great-coat and not a coat of burnished mail."

Some of the table-talk of Scott, as enshrined in Mrs. Hughes' diary, is inevitably old familiar wit and humour of Scotland, but on the whole it contains more fun that has the appeal of novelty than most of the books of Scottish

* "Letters and Recollections of Sir Walter Scott." By Mrs. Hughes of Uffington. Edited by Horace G. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

reminiscence that have been published in recent years. And the lady's diary of her visits to Scotland is in a happy and attractive spirit, adding considerably to the value of a book which will be welcome to every lover of Walter Scott.

NEIL MUNRO.



Morwenstow Church and Old Lorn's Cross.

THE PROSPECTOR.*

The prospector of Mr. Ralph Connor's latest novel has only a casual and adventitious connection with mining in the ordinary sense: he is a young Presbyterian missionary who goes out into the Wild West of Canada, "with its long leagues of empty prairie," and its rough, almost lawless, settlements on the ragged edge of civilisation, where the ranchers and cowboys are "some good men, and some of them devils—men good by nature, devils by circumstance. They won't want you, perhaps," as the Convener says to him, "but they need you badly."

When we are introduced to "Shock" Macgregor, he is the doughtiest hero of the football field—a big, shy, good-hearted fellow, "rather slow, and a little uncouth," and his prowess in a hard-fought match against the McGill team is narrated graphically and with a rare gusto. Presently, there comes an appeal for missionaries to go out West; he feels called to go, quits the training college, and goes. Not at all lightheartedly, for he is the only son of his mother, who is a widow; but her courage is higher than his own, and though she longs to keep him with her she urges him to take up his work, even while she is overshadowed by a premonition that she will not live to go out and join him, or to see him return.

In these latter months, he has made the acquaintance of Helen Fairbanks, the daughter of a lady of some importance in local society, but his native reticence and lack of self-confidence have kept him from telling her how he has grown to love her, till the very eve of his departure. Then, the Fairbanks are at his house, meaning to stay with his mother awhile after he has gone, but she is too proud to have any witness her tears, and bids them leave her and go with "Shock" to the station. Her mother and sister turn to go, but "Helen, who had been standing with face growing whiter and whiter, went to Mrs. Macgregor and put her arms round her and kissed her good-bye. When she was nearing the door she came hurriedly back. 'Oh, let me stay with you. I cannot bear to go,' she whispered. The old lady turned and scrutinised steadily the young face turned so pleadingly toward her. Slowly, under that steady gaze, the red crept up into the white cheek, like the first dawning of day, till the whole face and neck were in a hot flame of colour. Yet the grey, lustrous eyes never wavered, but, unshrinking, answered the old lady's searching look. At that revealing wave of colour Shock's mother made as if to push the girl away from her, but with a quick change of mood, she took her in her arms instead. 'Ay, poor lassie, you too! Yes, yes, you may stay with me now.'" But Mrs. Fairbanks is filled with scorn and indignation, cries shame upon her daughter for thus throwing herself at a man so far beneath her, and a somewhat painful scene is developing when Shock, with a tact that is not usual with him, interposes, speaks of his love for Helen as of a thing that is well understood between them, and kisses her good-bye, telling her, "I have no claim upon you, but don't forget that I will always love you."

Thereafter, she and his mother draw his thoughts homewards, while he is working through "the hardship, the isolation, the meagreness" of life in "a queer kind of ungodly settlement—ranchers, freighters, whisky-runners, cattle thieves, miners, almost anything you can name;" and he meets at first with all manner of opposition and discouragement there, but by degrees he makes his influence felt, the prejudice against him wears away, and he brings order and decency into a district where they had until his advent been almost unknown. It is not an easy accomplishment, but he is never afraid to risk his life in carrying out his duties, and when occasion demands, uses his hands and fists with notable effect. It is by his manliness, his courage and dogged determination that he wins the regard of the rugged good-natured ruffians among whom his lot is cast; and, throughout, his missionary labours are coloured with much that is picturesquely adventurous and romantic. Ike, and "The Kid," the old prospector and his daughter, and divers of the free-living, gambling, and free-shooting miners and bar tenders, steeped in rascality and kindly sentiment, might almost have walked out of the pages of Bret Harte. The characterisation is always good, and if Mr. Connor is no master of the jewelled phrase, the nice, and sometimes overnice word, his perfect clarity and simplicity of style is more in keeping with the primitive people and places that he writes about, and he has a true and irresistible narrative gift. He makes you interested in his story for the story's sake, as well as for the sake of the men and women who play their parts in it.

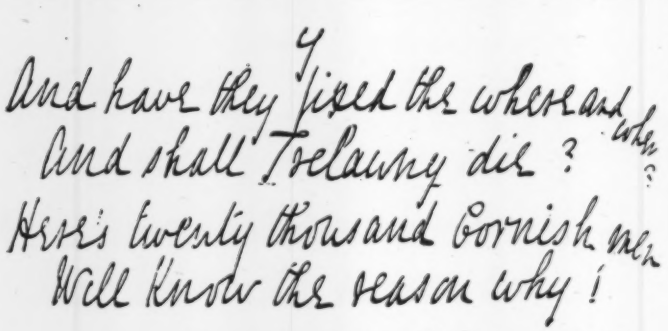
A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

* "The Prospector." By Ralph Connor. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

A BIOGRAPHY OF BALZAC.*

Biography is to most readers always fascinating, and Balzac affords a remarkable, if not precisely a great subject for the pen that could portray him. We wait until a new Saint Simon, who would alone be equal to the task, shall set him on canvas in his habit as he lived—a very strange habit, that Dominican friar's gown which became in succession the jester's motley, the astrologer's robe, and the surgeon's asbestos-garment in his dissecting-room. For Balzac, like the genius that he undoubtedly was, held within his one nature a multitude of characters. He knew it, and gloried in the fact. Meanwhile, Saint Simon not reappearing, here is a modest, painstaking, accurate sketch, from the hand of a woman, which will be read with pleasure, and not without

* "Honoré de Balzac: His Life and Writings." By Mary F. Sandars. 12s. net. (John Murray.)



Facsimile of Stanza II. of the Trelawny Ballad, from Hawker's Manuscript.

profit. Balzac has ever seemed to me eminently a man's man; his world, and his way of painting it, are, so to speak, Michael Angelesque, even where he tells the tale of love and professes to be recounting an idyl. But in his career the ruling influences were those daughters of Eve—Mme. de Berny, who taught him somehow the secret of authorship which he had fumbled over so long; Mme. de Castries, "the fragile and brilliant coquette," who attracted, tortured, and forsook him; and, above all, Mme. Hanska, "l'Etrangère," who became to the singular child-man a baleful star, following whose rays he wandered into the wilderness and died before his time.

Original sources for a Life of Balzac are his letters to Mme. Hanska—but not hers to him, for in a sudden terror he burnt the lady's correspondence. Besides these curious diary-like pages there is the "Memoir," not everywhere to be trusted, by his sister, Mme. Surville. And we have accounts by Gautier and other friends or enemies who knew as much as he chose to let them see—but no more. By temperament Balzac was reserved; his bringing up had been very hard upon a sensitive and affectionate boy; and he was at all times lonely, living in his crowded dreams, not in the society where he laughed and joked. If we want the true man we shall find him as a youth in "Louis Lambert," as a starving littérateur in "La Peau de Chagrin" and "Illusions Perdues," as a mystic in "Seraphita," as a Catholic in "Le Curé de Village." Miss Sandars tells us that she has been allowed to consult the unique Balzac-library of M. le Vicomte de Spoelberch de Louvenjoul, who has in his possession hundreds of autographs, many unpublished and of great interest, from that never-wearied pen. These will see the light in due course. But they can scarcely change the figure known to those, still comparatively few, that have read the "Comédie Humaine" for its self-revelations. Human enough it is, in one sense, though not the Shakespearian. Balzac was French to the core; he had no gift of understanding foreigners or describing them; and, on the whole, his world is Paris, regarded fantastically through a magic mist, where colours gleam out of darkness and the shapes of things are distorted. Such, too, was the romance of his adventures in search of money, fame, and love. It is told here not ineffectively. More, indeed, was to be made of the materials which lie close at hand, by seizing on the clues we have indicated as thrown out in the seer's babbling pages, for he writes at all times to himself. His books are monologues, and his manner is strictly inimitable. No other Frenchman has written in the same style; none ever will.

From the piece-meal record of his publishing transactions lights may be gained—and they illustrate much of this volume—on the incredible activity, combined with no less incredible want of prudence, which made Balzac the world's wonder. Into a short life he crammed the achievements of a literary Napoleon. He squandered his vitality on journalism, printing, prospecting for mines, buying curios, travelling over Europe, and on the frenzied night work to which we owe his unparalleled "Comedy." These threads are caught up and woven into a deadly snare, which at last choked the life out of him, by his Russian mistress and wife, Mme. Hanska. It is not a beautiful story, but none could be more in the spirit of his romances, none more lugubrious. While not pretending to work it up to a climax, the biographer has given its effect as her volume goes forward, in a way certainly impressive and at the close dramatic. Who can forget Balzac's "Requiem," which is so unlike Mozart's, as foreshadowed by himself in that terrible "Cousin Pons"? And who will not think of his home-coming, ill and disenchanted, with his cold-hearted bride, to the locked picture-gallery and the mad servant François imprisoned there, as a sort of "Chef d'Œuvre Inconnu" which the gods had made ready for him? Told from the outside, simply and without affectation, all this may be read in Miss Sandars; it will convey to some of us its own moral.

WILLIAM BARRY

LITERARY PORTRAITS.*

There is a breeziness in the very selection of the essays in this agreeable new volume from the pen of Mr. Whibley. One may discern, without much difficulty, a harmony between those which have already appeared in a form for the most part inaccessible to the general reader, and the additions, such as the fine essays on Burton and Montaigne, or the curious character study of Casanova. This effect owes much, no doubt, to the unifying quality of Mr. Whibley's style and the careful way in which he organises his material. In any case it is delightful to pick up a volume like this, and to see the Valois wits and historians, the old essayists and scholars of the seventeenth century through such sympathetic eyes as those of a humanist of this appreciative humour. As he says of Montaigne, so we may not unjustly say of him: "There is scarce a sentence in his book which is not brilliant with imagery, and his fancy is so rich in metaphor that the variety and colour of his writing are inexhaustible." Why we feel that we are getting a real glimpse behind the veil of the past is, perhaps, because there is here a suppression of modernity, a reduction of the over-cleverness of the "up-to-date" essayist. Mr. Whibley has gradually attained a power of reflecting these worthies in their own words, and in a style which has many of the salient qualities of the decorative prose of the seventeenth century, with a soupçon here and there, it may be, of the "beautiful obliquities" of the *Religio Medici* itself.

Mr. Whibley is perhaps the foremost critical writer we have to-day who upholds the tradition of this kind of writing. Its dangers are manifold. We need enumerate but two: first, over-cleverness, and, secondly, distortion caused by the difficulty of reconciling old phrases and new thought, and we should not like to assert that Mr. Whibley had been altogether free from either of these faults. But he does seem as an artist to have outlived them, and in the present volumes avoids with unerring skill the Scylla of preciosity and the Charybdis of journalistic impressionability masquerading as "the antique."

His skill in dealing with Rabelais and the Tudor Translators, such as Philemon Holland, is well known. Comines is less satisfactory to us—perhaps because of the rarity of the historical medium. But nothing could well be better either as regards intellectual sympathy or the literary harmony which the writer seeks to establish between the structure, phrasing, and subject of his work than the essay on the prince of all essayists, Montaigne. We picture Julius upon the battlefield of Gaul, Demosthenes in the council denouncing the Macedonian. "Montaigne comes to our imagination seated in his turret," idly turning the leaves of a book—he would not sacrifice the gaiety of his heart for the erudition of all the ages; did a passage perplex him, he passed on—finding in the wisdom of the ancients a parallel to some misadventure of to-day, "now looking over the wide and fruitful plain, or perhaps surprising an idle serving man in his base court." Yet none worked harder than did Montaigne in his twenty years of seclusion, and though the library in the round tower measured but sixteen paces, "it was the field of many a hard-fought fight against ignorance and pedantry." In many essays that we have read on Montaigne, both French and English, we have never come across such a choice distillation of the humour of the man. An egosophist who essayed with a light heart the most difficult study of all—the study of self—he succeeded more than other philosophers, for the same reason that Gibbon succeeded beyond other historians; both cherished above all things an erudite and profound scepticism. There are one or two points, we admit, in which we cannot follow Mr.

* "Literary Portraits." By Charles Whibley. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Whibley. What does he mean by saying on one page that the most conspicuous event of Montaigne's life was his retirement in 1571 from the world of affairs, and on the page previous to this that "the one important event of his public career was his election in 1581 as mayor of Bordeaux?" To the conscientious enquirer as to the historical truth about Montaigne, we doubt if either of these statements would carry complete conviction.

Robert Burton was to Dr. Johnson that which Tacitus was to Montaigne in his riper age, his prime "*gibbier*," the solitary author who availed to tempt him from his idleness, and we cannot refrain from quoting this beautiful specimen of cadenced and skilfully modulated prose from Mr. Whibley's appreciation of this "very merry, facete, and juvenile" old humourist. "The superficies of his knowledge can only be measured by the erudition of his time, and if he cannot lay claim to original research, the research of no scholar, ancient or modern, escaped his vigilant eye. Anthony à Wood handsomely sums up his accomplishments in a simple sentence: He was an exact 'mathematician,' says he, 'a curious calculator of Nativities, a general read scholar, a thro'-pac'd philologist, and one that understood the surveying of lands well.' But, though he carried in his head so vast a baggage of other men's learning, no man was ever less of a pedant. Even when he quoted dead words, he seemed to inspire them with something of his own abounding life; and though he dwelt in a monastic seclusion, *ipse sibi theatrum*, though he never travelled but in map and card, he professed a vivid interest in the great drama, unfolding about him, wherein he played no part."

A congenial subject is afforded to Mr. Whibley by the catalogue of William Drummond's books now in the Edinburgh University—and to this "study" in the library of an old scholar he prefixes a most delightful "impression" of the Pepys Library at "Magdalen College, Cambridge" (but, alas, for the final e in Magdalene!—how came a university man to overlook this mark of distinction between Magdalen, Oxford, and Magdalene, Cambridge?—the author wishes, it would seem, to distinguish himself from "the mob of gentlemen who write with *ease*").

Finally comes a highly finished portrait in brief of that eminent scoundrel, Jacques Casanova—a portrait abounding in fioritures in phrasing such as Mr. Whibley delights in, though all the time in his way he is the most inflexible of biographers and critics. He never strays for one instant from his main task. His technique is broad; but every stroke of his brush has its meaning.

Casanova's bent was to study medicine, and it would have been wiser, says he, in a brilliant flash of self-knowledge, had he been permitted to follow his bent, since in medicine charlatanism is more useful than in law. Here is a nice point for a casuist. But the critic goes straight on to say, "The truth is he hated all work that was not a pleasure! Henceforth he served no harder master than his own inclination, and if 'he emptied his friends' purses,' as he said, 'to satisfy his caprices,' the money cumbered his pocket but a moment, and straightway passed on to enrich another." He tried his luck at the tables when he was yet green himself. "His self-confidence was not yet perfect. He knew not how to ruffle it with an empty pocket, and, professional gamester though he was, he had not yet learned the art of correcting fortune."

From a Sketch by the Earl of Carlisle, made in 1863.

R. S. Hawker.

He became the adept of an amateur in the occult! Casanova did not contradict the attribution of mediumistic powers, "he was never reluctant to claim the knowledge thrust upon him by others." In this capacity he soon learned "to give himself airs, to lay down the law, and to quote authors he had never read." We should like to follow him along the primrose path of prettily filed phrases in this essay. But we have said enough to reveal a charm or two of a book which we confess to be one after our own heart.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

HARVARD LECTURES ON GREEK SUBJECTS.*

Amid the storm of controversy which at present rages around the study of Greek, the appearance of this small, but remarkable, volume is distinctly opportune. It raises the issue at once into a larger, purer, and more serene atmosphere. For as in all the more civilised nations of the West spiritual life finds its source in Israel, so intellectual life flows from Greek fountains. Not only in art and literature, but in politics and philosophy, in mathematics and science Greek thought has proved everywhere a quickening and animating force. Doubtless in many fields of study the advance of knowledge has left the achievements of Greek thinkers with little positive value, but the spirit in which they worked and the impulse which they gave to the human mind are the lasting inheritance of all after ages. Science when it repudiates the Greek genius at once ignores its own origin and is unfaithful to its own name. For when Democritus writes, "Rather would I discover the cause of one fact than become King of the Persians," the scientific spirit is already born, and in the evolution of *homo sapiens* Thales, Euclid, or Aristotle deserves scientific study exactly as much as apes or savages. But the brilliancy of the Greeks in art, and, above all, in literature, has, unfortunately, thrown into the shade their other great qualities. Just as to foolish persons wit seems incompatible with seriousness, so by narrow minds the devotion of Greek writers to excellence of style is supposed to indicate a disregard of sense. And yet in fact the most marked characteristic of the Greeks is that they never divorced form from substance. They were as shrewd and practical as they were artistic. The matter of Thucydides is as weighty as his manner; the beauty of Plato's prose is matched by the closeness of his reasoning; while the force of Demosthenes springs equally from the dignity of his style and the cogency of his conclusions. And it was the same in poetry. When Aristotle speaks of it, in what Prof. Butcher justly calls "perhaps the most pregnant of his sayings," as being "a more philosophic and higher thing in history," he does so because the Greeks understood that the essential basis of poetry is truth, and that this is rendered not less but more true and real by being stripped of what is accidental or particular and brought into relation with what is "abiding and structural in humanity." For indeed the basis of all style is truth. "At the root of all good writing lies sincerity of conviction. The writer must have something to say, and must say it at first-hand. Where there is nothing to express there can be no artistic beauty, for the essence of the literary art is that it shall express reality. It is no genuine art of words that he will have who does

* "Harvard Lectures on Greek Subjects." By Prof. S. H. Butcher. 266 pages. 7s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

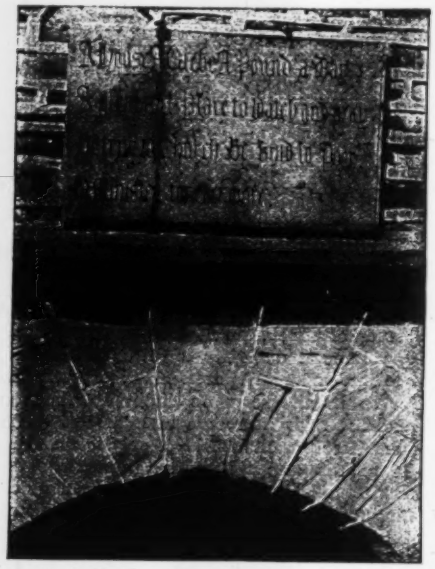


Photo Rev. R. A. Morris. **Hawker's Inscription over the Vicarage Door.**

not know the truth of things." Thus it is that Prof. Butcher summarises the views of Plato, the most perfect master of prose style the world has ever known, and genuine Attic eloquence is distinguished by a simplicity, directness, and lucidity which are incompatible with emptiness. There is in it no "pomp of phrase," no exaggeration or "saying rather more than we mean in order that people may be convinced that we mean something." It "speaks in the speech of daily life"; it "at first perhaps strikes us as cold"; it is "scrupulous in the purity of its diction . . . in the effort to hit the right, rather than the approximately right word"; in fact, it is the language of reality. But none the less its form is as much a part of it as its matter. That form is often of such "quiet, unobtrusive beauty," that, although the result of "consummate art," it escapes notice, but it is ever present. Aristotle, unlike his scientific successors of to-day, holds that "the union of form and matter" is a first principle not only in philosophy but in literature. There must be substance and there must be shape, or else we have on the one hand "mere abstractions," on the other what is "formless and chaotic."

And Aristotle's view is both profoundly true and never more important than to-day. "Of making many books there is," indeed, now "no end"; the accumulation of facts goes on unceasingly; erudition is everywhere; but we do not realise that "wealth of learning (*πολυμαθίη*)" is not "wealth of thought (*πολυνοΐη*)." We need writers with that "formative power of thought" which, finding its fit expression in a noble style, transmutes the raw material of knowledge into true sustenance for the soul. Amid the bewildering chaos of facts in history, in science, and in theology we need master minds to introduce order, meaning, and above all, life. We want them interpreting to us in terms not only of matter but of spirit, and in this Greece can still be our guide. For in their eager pursuit of knowledge the Greeks never forgot that its aim was not material prosperity, but conduct, character, and that which is "fair and good." Traders though they were, whose colonies were on every coast, and whose merchantmen in every mart, they never, like their Phœnician rivals, forgot that the standard of commerce is not the only standard of value, that "mere wealth is not well-being," and that "the things of the mind have a worth which cannot be measured in terms of money." They sought knowledge for its own sake, and their reward is with them. The glories of Tyre and Sidon are now an empty memory; the cities "whose merchants were princes, whose traffickers were the honourable of the earth," are now as though they had never been; but while men retain any regard for truth and beauty they will turn reverential eyes towards the shores of Greece.

Every attempt, however, to suggest the merits of a book of this type is idle. The six brief lectures which it contains must be read, and those who read them once will ponder them and go back to them. It is not so much that the matter is strikingly novel, for it is not possible to say much that is wholly new on such subjects as "Greece and Israel," "Greece and Phœnicia," or even "Greek Literary Criticism," but it is put with such sense, judgment, and taste, with such freshness and truth of feeling, that it acquires an originality of its own. If the Greeks had practised essay-writing, they would, the reader imagines, hardly have written otherwise. Prof. Butcher has the true Attic touch. He is master of his subject; he knows exactly what he wishes to say, and he says it with that fine and unadorned simplicity which is the hall-mark of Attic style. Perhaps to some he will seem, like it, too reserved and even "cold." In these northern climes we are chilly, and relish even in style a certain fire and brilliancy. "Rash bavin wits, Soon kindled and soon burnt," attract us, even though they quickly leave us starving. But those lovers of good letters who take this volume to their heart will find that it imparts that temperate and lasting glow, which proceeds only from "a solid core of heat" within.

T. E. PAGE.

Photo S. Thorn, Bude. **Robert Stephen Hawker, aged 60.**

IN GEORGIAN DAYS.*

Writing in January, 1779, "Daddy" Crisp, than whom no young author ever had a kinder or shrewder critic, implored his "Fannikin" to resume the keeping of her diary. "It will one day," he wrote, "be the delight of your old age—it will call back your youth, your spirits, your pleasures, your friends, whom you formerly loved, and who loved you (at that time, also, probably, long gone off the stage), and lastly, when your own scene is closed, remain a valuable treasure to those that come after you." Time and again, when there seemed to be a well-meant conspiracy of all the talents to turn Fanny Burney's head, she was saved from disaster by the counsel of this excellent friend, whose judgement was never at fault—not even when it conflicted, as it sometimes did, with that of men like Johnson, Garrick, Burke, and Sheridan. It is not too much to suppose that had she benefited longer by his counsel, the whole course of her life would have been different. Whether his influence could have saved her those five years at the court of George III., with all the consequent changes in the current of her life, is matter of conjecture, but it is reasonable to think that his wise counsel, always honestly given and for the most part loyally obeyed, might have succeeded in keeping Fanny Burney's genius to the channel of its first sprightly running.

* "Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay." Vol. I., 1778-1781. Edited by Austin Dobson. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

"Life and Letters at Bath in the Eighteenth Century." By A. Barbeau. With a Preface by Austin Dobson. 12s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

When, twelve years after the death of "Daddy" Crisp, she returned to literature, Horace Walpole, with equal truth and acerbity, observed that she had "reversed experience." Before she was credited with any knowledge of the world, her first novel had proved her, in Johnson's phrase, a notable character-monger. To discerning critics "Cecilia" revealed an advance in constructive power that was unhappily nullified by the obvious presence of a vitiated style. And when the long interval that ensued came to an end, it became painfully apparent that disuse had brought to her talent not recuperation but decay. The genius of Kemble and Mrs. Siddons could not secure for her tragedy a second night's performance, and it is unlikely that many have read "Camilla," except her biographers and a few, a very few, of our more conscientious professors of English literature. Of her other work—always excepting the Diary—it is painful to speak. By no means negligable in its historical interest, it is written in the most vicious form of Johnsonese, and no kind-hearted apologist can hope to rescue it from its unenviable eminence in the "awful example" corner of rhetorical text-books.

Fortunately it is with the exception—the Diary—that we are here concerned, and it is a pleasure to renew acquaintance with an old book-friend so bravely attired. When the remaining five volumes have appeared, this edition will take its place as the definitive and most desirable form of one of the most charming books in the language. Of its textual value it is enough to say that Mr. Dobson is its sponsor. No reader would have complained had Mr. Dobson exercised his editorial privileges more freely. A biographical and critical introduction was perhaps superfluous, as that is ready to hand in the editor's recently published monograph on "Fanny Burney." But while it is easy to sympathise with the editor's avoidance of all but absolutely necessary annotation, we cannot help regretting the might-have-been. In the case of works of this kind, we dare think annotation can hardly be superfluous. The more extra-illustration of a literary kind the better. Boswell is improved by it; Lockhart cries aloud for it; and we regretfully think of what Madame D'Arblay might have gained had Mr. Dobson embroidered the Diary with the results of his minute and curious knowledge. The good things in it would have been none the less savoury by virtue of such garnishing, and there are not a few insipid pages that would have acquired a fine relish from the handling of so accomplished a literary *chef*. Perhaps Mr. Dobson will even yet take a thought and mend. For the volume before us, it may be admitted, stands in no urgent need of more than the purely explanatory notes which are given here with the expected adequacy and care. But we are thinking of the leaner years of the Diary that are to follow!

The late Dr. Birkbeck Hill, preaching a sermon on the uncertainty of literary fame, pointed his moral by the question, "Who reads Pomfret's 'Choice'?" And he went on to ask his readers "to meditate on the fate of Fanny Burney." As regards her Diary, and, we should hope, "Evelina," there is surely no need of any such sorrowful meditation. If classical rank be denied to the Diary, it is still one of the most companionable, we might say "clubable," of books. Its fame is secure for all time, if for no other reason than that it is an indispensable supplement to the greatest of biographies. Johnson's affectionate regard for Fanny Burney ("I think I have had no hero a great while; Dr. Goldsmith was my last; but I have had none since his time till my little Burney came.") is splendidly repaid in these pages, which reveal a score of kindly traits which eluded the insight of Boswell. More especially is this first volume of the Diary a perennial delight. Its atmosphere is the unclouded sky of success and youth. Modestly, but with unconcealed delight, the young novelist tells her intimate friends of her triumphal progress. Waiving all question of its justification, was there ever such a triumph to record? Think of it. Burke and Reynolds sitting up all night to read "Evelina"! Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Garrick beseeching her to write a comedy! Dr. Johnson protesting that compared with her that rascal, Harry Fielding, knew but the shell of life, and that "The Vicar" was a mere fanciful performance! And even better, think of Ursa Major hugging "Little Burney" on his knee at that kind house at Streatham, and instructing her in the art of attacking Mrs. Montagu, Queen of Blue-stockings! ("So at her, Burney—at her, and down with her!"). And to

Morwenstow Vicarage, showing curious Chimneys.

complete the picture, there is always the kind, cynical, loyal friend in the background, the disappointed author, "Daddy" Crisp, exhorting his beloved Fannikin to keep perfectly cool and to avoid comedy. We have not space to dwell on Fanny's own positive contribution to her Diary. Her kit-cat portraits are of extraordinary excellence. In spite of all her demureness and her constant desire to hide her blushes beneath the table, pretty Fanny had a very pretty way of painting Jonsonian "humours." There is, for example, Mr. B——, a gallant valetudinarian of sixty, who delighted to tell to "fair females" how he lost his calves owing to the incapacity of "these gallipot fellows." Then there is "S. S." (Sophia Streatfield), who could "drop a tear," at Mrs. Thrale's request, in a manner that outrivals the most accomplished heroine of "The Man of Feeling." But Fanny's best picture undoubtedly is that of "Sir Fretful Plagiary" Cumberland. His reception of the news of the success of her novel is worthy of comparison with Sheridan's brilliant dialogue. To these pictures we must add Fanny's memorable account of how Captain Fuller tried in vain to keep the Sussex Militia from laughing on parade when she and her friends in crinoline were blown by the wind past the saluting point. The first volume of the Diary is all of this kind.

"Flyting she was or singing all the day."

When it closes, Mr. Thrale, it is true, is dead. But there is no rumour yet of the estranging Piozzi marriage. Not without

Door of Tonacombe Manor, with the Waddon Lantern, Hawker's Stick, and Holy Water Stoups.

Photo Hawke, Plymouth. **The Vicar of Morwenstow.**
Taken on 7th August, 1875; a week before his death.

misgiving do we think of the next volume. For it must remind us of old friendships sundered; it will give us the last of Mrs. Thrale (by that name), of Dr. Johnson, of Daddy Crisp; worst of all, we almost hear already the approaching footfall of the hateful Schwellenberg.

An interesting portion of this first volume of the Diary is dated from Bath, but it is one of M. Barbeau's rare inaccuracies to assert that Madame D'Arblay died there in 1840. And though Fanny Burney knew Bath well, and loved it well, she was at no time a zealous Bathonian in the strictest sense. It is strange, as Mr. Dobson remarks, that it should have been left to a Frenchman to give us the most complete account of the social and literary history of the old town founded, as everybody knows, by the leprous father of King Lear. No town in England save London has a more interesting history or is so rich in literary association. The beginning and the end of its glory are marked by what M. Barbeau aptly calls a "brusque metamorphosis." The visit of Charles II. and his court in 1663 is the nominal starting point of the modern history of Bath, but that of Queen Anne in 1702 was more far-reaching in its consequences. Henceforth for more than a century Bath is identified with English literature, and to catalogue its associations is to ransack almost the entire literature of the Augustan and Georgian eras. There are four indispensable text-books to the literary history of Bath. These are Goldsmith's "Life of Nash," Humphry Clinker, Northanger Abbey, and Pickwick—giving a complete picture of the remarkable history of Bath from the reign of Beau Nash to that of Beau "Angelo Cyrus Bantam." Even by the time of Fanny Burney's visit Bath had begun to decline, though it was still "tonish" to visit Lady Miller and drop a poetical offering into the famous vase which embellishes the cover of M. Barbeau's very careful and scholarly study. But when Nature formed Nash, she broke the die. There never arose again so mighty an arbiter of fashion, so puissant a monarch of the Pump-Room. His life of Nash is one of several neglected masterpieces of Oliver Goldsmith. How lightly he handles the Beau! With what fine irony he pays homage to his pasteboard sceptre! And underlying the irony what a store of kindly feeling for the poor monarch whose epitaph declared him

"Of youth the Guardian, and of all the Friend"!

It is surprising to think of Nash, who eked out a precarious existence by his skill at faro, basset, and E O, as a mentor of youth. But M. Barbeau is right in affirming that the Beau in many ways did really help Mr. Spectator in his reformation of eighteenth century manners. After Bladud himself Bath knew no other king than Nash.

Of men of mere civilian rank Bath's greatest name is Ralph Allen—the hero of Pope's immortal compliment, the "Squire Allworthy" of "Tom Jones," the friend of Pope, Warburton, Fielding, Richardson, and Pitt. It is difficult to think of a single name in eighteenth century literature that has not some connexion with this ancient town. That a whole century of novelists should have used it as a background is not surprising. Modern scribes in quest of adventures for their heroes have to set forth to France or the Balkan States. Their more favoured eighteenth century brethren had no need to go further than the Bath Road. The three days' journey from town on horseback or on coach provided every element of romance. Hardly had the heroine left town when Beau Brocade was clattering after her, requesting, in the genteelest manner, the favour of her purse. And if the Beau were elsewhere engaged, were there not foot-pads innumerable all the way to Claverton Down! Should she escape all these, and the bells rang out her safe arrival in the city of Bladud, there were still the more insidious dangers of amorous and impecunious Irish peers, with a rich brogue and an expansive smile, and everyone of them a graduate of Blarney. You may find this story told with endless variations by Fielding, Smollett, Burney, Austen, and Dickens. It is impossible to think of the English novel without Bath. And that the story found its counterpart in life is proved by many famous instances, of which perhaps the most romantic is the marriage of Brinsley Sheridan. To Sheridan it was left to immortalise the scandal-loving town upon the stage. The "Rivals" is laid there, but what is more significant, the first draft of "The School for Scandal" is entitled "A Pump-Room Scene."

Mrs. Montagu drily remarked that it was possible to live in Bath "at small expense of wit," and it is certainly true that in a direct way its contribution to literature is of the most meagre. M. Barbeau, who is more reliable on historical than on critical matters, greatly overrates the once famous "New Bath Guide." That it set a fashion may be true, but Anstey had several pioneers in his use of the anapaest, notably Rochester, Prior, and Swift. It is almost certain that what hints Goldsmith borrowed for "Retaliation." "The Letter to Mrs. Bunbury" and "The Haunch of Venison" were derived not from Anstey's lively jingle, but from Swift's "Grand Question Debated." There are several passages in this last which not only contain many curious verbal similarities to Goldsmith's verses, but reveal the lightness of touch, the slyness of humour, the metrical mastery, which we think of as Oliver Goldsmith's alone.

Every lover of eighteenth-century literature is indebted to M. Barbeau for this admirable work. As no hint is given as to the source of its translation into English, it would be unbecoming to make any conjecture. It is sufficient to say that the book in every respect—in matter and in form—is a useful piece of work excellently done. The appearance from across the Channel of a study so careful, minute, and appreciative of a by-way of English literature is something of a pleasant surprise, and we shall all agree with Mr. Dobson in hailing it "among the pleasant premonitions of the *entente cordiale*." A word of praise is due to the admirably selected illustrations. From the Bath-Easton Vase, which rightly adorns the cover, and the picture of Beau Nash, which rightly faces the title-page, down to the picture of "The Old Bridge," which faces an excellent index, the illustrations of the volume are, in the language of the period, "vastly fine." For coupling together an excellent reprint of an eighteenth-century classic and this admirable French tribute to the strange fascination of the same period, we offer no apology. Were we compelled to do so, we should find an obvious reason in the appearance of Mr. Austin Dobson's name on both these volumes. Very many will account it a pleasure to renew an old acquaintanceship, and to greet a new friend at the gracefully-worded invitation of the author of "The Ballad of Beau Brocade."

J. H. LOBBAN.

Miss Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter).

Mrs. Katherine Tynan Hinkson.

Novel Notes.

THE EDGE OF CIRCUMSTANCE. By Edward Noble. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Mr. Noble's name is new to us, but we have no hesitation in saying that had the book been anonymous, we should have set it down as the work of Mr. Conrad, and of Mr. Conrad at his very best. For many of Mr. Conrad's mannerisms are repeated in this splendid story of the sea, which has, however, at the same time, all the sources of Mr. Conrad's strength. We have here undoubted technical knowledge effectively and not tediously employed, a consuming and infectious passion for the sea, a virile and flexible style, a curiously minute and searching method of character analysis. All these gifts Mr. Noble has spent freely in telling the eventful history of the Cardiff collier, "The Titan," which set out on her travels a veritable box of patent machinery only to bump her way back to port towed by what was formerly a derelict American barque. To many readers this will seem unlikely enough material, and scepticism will not be allayed by the further information that there is no woman in the story. The characters are merely three rascally shipowners, two or three brave seamen, and a crew of cosmopolitan cowards and ruffians. We must add to this list "The Titan" herself, which is endowed with a very real personality, and the Sea, which by Mr. Noble's art is made to appear a sentient thing, now a syren of illimitable charm, now a demon of cruelty. There is comedy as well as tragedy in this book, and its six chief characters are revealed to us by very dexterous literary photography. M'Grabbut, the engineer, is a permanent addition to the portrait gallery of sea fiction, and deserves to hang on the line along with the best of Smollett, Marryat, Kipling, and Conrad. The seascapes in the book are splendid pieces of description, notably the picture of the shipwreck on "The Hen and Chickens" rocks, which for a moment revealed even to the rascally shipowner that he had in him the nucleus of a soul. It is with some difficulty that we write of this as a first book. As such it is certainly a very remarkable achievement, for neither Mr. Kipling nor Mr. Conrad has produced a story of the sea more enthralling or more convincingly true.

OMBRA THE MYSTERY. By Frederick Graves. 6s. (Morton.)

The author of this very interesting novel has made, perhaps, rather too many concessions to the claims of melodrama, a typical example of which may be found in the name of the heroine and of the book. But underlying this crudeness, which is very pardonable in a first book as we take this to be, there is a story of no ordinary interest and power and promise. From the moment when the young Edinburgh physician rescues a girl from the perilous temptation of the Dean Bridge to the time when she again woos death, and this time successfully, in order to smooth the path for her benefactor, there is no dull page in the book. The beauty and the glamour of Edinburgh are well depicted in this admirable story, which is evidently the work of one possessing a first-hand acquaintance with the Scottish capital and its medical school.

FETTERS OF GOLD. By Charles Eddy. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Mr. Eddy writes the sort of story that, without making any pretension to high literary style, attracts the sympathy and holds the attention of the reader through every page. He describes some of the evils of Stock Exchange gambling and company promotion, and at times waxes quite censorious. But the merit of this most readable novel lies in the picture of the middle-class Clapham family, and above all in the study of the slothful, simple, and anæmic country banker, forced by an ambitious wife to dip irresolutely in the tumultuous City stream, in the quicksands of which he falls an unheroic victim. In respect of that study indeed this book shows distinct individuality in an author to whom we may look with confidence for pleasant fiction.

THE REAPER. By Edith Rickert. 6s. (Edward Arnold.)

For quiet, dramatic power the winter book season has given us little to surpass Miss Rickert's story of Terval Saemundson and the fisher-folk of Gloup, the island village in the Northern Sea. It is, so to speak, an opal in literature—grey-toned, with an underlying fire. Rough, cold, stormy surroundings, lives lived without luxury, or even comfort, harvestings of the sea and the wind-swept land, these form the outside material; in the men and women lies the fire. On the night of the great storm, when forty-seven boats were lost off Gloup, the seeds of Terval's manhood were sown. That night his father was brought back helpless as a log, and he learned that his mother was a drunkard. The story is not all gloomy, in spite of the fact that much of it is the story of Terval's self-abnegation; unusual skill has made the daily life of fish-catching, fish-curing, and rough farming glow by reason of the love and faith, great-heartedness and devotion which are there also. Terval is a fine hero, and Osla, "the bright-eyed, silent woman who defied widowhood," is an accomplishment in characterisation, but plain little Meggy-Betty captures the fancy too, and it is with a relief which proves the engrossing power of the book that we pass on to a happy ending.

Photo S. Thorn, Bude. **Robert Stephen Hawker, aged 60.**

GODFREY MARTEN: UNDERGRADUATE. By Charles Turley. 5s. (Heinemann.)

There is no book we can think of which comes at all near this volume as a genuine, and also lively, picture of University life. It is the story of a normal, average youth who goes up to Oxford after the usual vicissitudes of a public-school, and meets the good and bad circumstances which are the common fate of all undergraduates. The strength of such a story rests of course entirely on the telling, and the triumph of Mr. Turley lies in the fact that this record of everyday Oxford life not only never bores the reader, but leads him on with all the allurement of a detective-story. Perhaps Mr. Turley's wisest literary moment was that in which he decided not to make this a love story; the only love in it being a few germs in the hearts of Godfrey's friends for Godfrey's sister Nina. Godfrey was an exhibitioner, but no prig; a popular man (a fact not told, but guessed from internal evidence), but not a "blood"; an exuberant fresher, but always a gentleman. And if anyone can describe in terser, more natural, more effective language, the moods of a man, we should be pleased to read his book. Meanwhile, in our opinion, "Godfrey Marten" is the most manly and most amusing University story in print.

1001 INDIAN NIGHTS. By Sarath Kamar Ghosh. 6s.

Oriental literature has always a strong fascination for the Western mind. There is about it something eternally strange: by no amount of study will it ever become familiar. But for the statement in the preface of this book, that when appearing in a serial form it was criticised as the work of a European, we should not have thought it possible that anyone could have mistaken its essentially Eastern flavour. In barbaric richness of imagination it is absolutely Eastern: the atmosphere is the atmosphere of the East, with its glamour and fiery heat and dazzling glare. There can be no question as to the force and novelty of the "1001 Indian Nights." We are far from being able to enter into the spirit of the book, as far indeed as the East is from the West, but its elusive charm is undeniable. Mr. Ghosh represents a new force in fiction.

JOHN RIGDON. By C. P. Plant. 6s. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

Stories of the days of slavery in America before the Civil War are somewhat of an anachronism, and it is hard to say what prompts anyone to rewrite "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the beginning of the twentieth century. To be frank, Mr. Plant is no match for Mrs. Beecher Stowe. John Rigdon is a Southerner, educated in England, who finds himself on his father's death sold into bondage, his mother having been declared by a court of law to be a slave. Of course in the end it turns out that the verdict was wrong, Rigdon's mother having been kidnapped as a child—so much any experienced novel reader could foresee. The only value of the book, which it must be confessed is somewhat commonplace, lies in the force with which it brings out the truth that any man treated like a slave will lose his character and become completely servile. It is a truth of psychology which is capable of wide application, and alas! always in need of being taught.

The Bookman's Table.

IN PURSUIT OF DULCINEA. By Henry Bernard. 6s. (George Allen.)

The author pursues Dulcinea and his own Quixotic ways over the rough roads and past the rude hostelries, and accompanied by the colour and courtesies of Spain, the land of contraries. The way after all is really short, for we linger in La Mancha, Manzanares, and Argamasilla. But no one can urge a rapid or extended progress, for if we are tortured in the rumbling cart or the inn bedroom, we are tickled by the quayside English of the "commercial," and charmed by the simple dignity of Don Jose. Mr. Bernard tells the story of his journey as R. L. S. would have done it. His style is not so fine and limpid, and at times the tricks are too obvious—*e.g.*, the frequent inversion of subject and predicate in the earlier chapters—but he has a style and an eye for colour, and a loving corner in his heart for the land he writes of, and with all these gifts he could not fail to give us a "travel-book" that is to be ranked among the select members of its class. The illustrations by Mr. H. C. Brewer should be noted.

THACKERAY'S LETTERS TO AN AMERICAN FAMILY. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

THACKERAY IN THE UNITED STATES. By General J. G. Wilson. Two Vols. 18s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

It is no disparagement to either of these volumes to say that their chief charm is in Thackeray's illustrations. The name of Baxter is familiar to every student of Thackeray, for ingratitude is not to be included in any list of the great novelist's shortcomings. The story of his experiences in America is not unfamiliar matter, but it is a pleasure to have his correspondence with the kindest of his American friends collected in a very charming volume by one of the family whose gracious hospitality has rightly been rewarded by no small measure of fame. General Wilson, as a historian, has no fault but an excess of pious enthusiasm. To make two portly volumes out of Thackeray's visits to America indicates perhaps a want of perspective, but it is impossible not to applaud the zeal which has gone to the making of the book. It may safely be said that it is the final book on the subject. The letterpress is sometimes not strictly relevant, but it is always charged with a fine and entirely exculpatory enthusiasm. The illustrations are charming, and the bibliography valuable. Both books will be eagerly welcomed by all true Thackerayans as scholarly and delightful tributes to their hero from across the seas.

THE DOWNFALL OF RUSSIA. By Hugo Ganz. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

We may observe at once that this work is wide as the poles asunder from many familiar publications of a catchpenny kind. That it is sensational is most true, but this quality is based on the finely impartial way in which the author has pursued his investigation, and on the studied moderation and sobriety with which he has presented its remarkable results. It was the author's good fortune to be able to interview leaders of every current of Russian opinion, and the remarkable result is the unanimity of the views thus obtained. On every side the cry is Corruption. Russia is depicted as a rude giant of tremendous strength vainly struggling against the onslaught of the most deadly form of heart-disease. There is much plain speaking in the book, but the plainest of it is not the author's, but proceeds from Russians of rank, men of high official position, who recognise sorrowfully the impotence of the Czar to throw off the coils of official corruption. The most striking fact in an impressive book is the unanimity with which the truest Russian patriots are described as praying earnestly for the success of the Japanese arms. And in truth this book goes far to prove that only this desperate remedy can save Russia from a more desperate disease.

THE LIVERPOOL SCHOOL OF PAINTERS: An Account of the Liverpool Academy from 1810 to 1867, with Memoirs of the Principal Artists. By H. C. Marillier. 10s. 6d. net. (John Murray, London.)

This book shows a certain passion for research. It contains much little-known and useful matter. We would like to be able to add that it is a genuine history, at once ample in its main design and thorough in its details. Mr. Marillier has certainly worked hard, but his treatment of the subject is sketchy, tentative, and loose. The text might have been revised with greater care; the illustrations should have been more fortunate in choice, and far more numerous; but, when all is said, the book is still to be welcomed as a skirmishing pioneer. The second edition, we may hope, will give the student at least fifty half-tone plates, and will be free from errors of the press. For instance, "The Triumph of the Innocents," by Mr. Holman Hunt, loses much by being called "The Massacre of the Innocents."

MUSIC, AND OTHER POEMS. By Henry Van Dyke. 5s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The poet gets so little encouragement in these days (and those who encourage him least are loudest in wondering why he does not produce great poems) that the marvel is not that so little good poetry is published, but that, in a world of men who are not given to working for no reward, there should still be anyone disinterested enough to write any at all. There is something of the divine fire in many of the poems in this book of Mr. Van Dyke's. He is always thoughtful and cultured; his Odes have dignity and a sober harmony of rhythm that is in keeping with their themes; the two legendary poems are fashioned imaginatively and with great narrative skill—the first, "A Legend of Service," is similar in kind and as fine in its way as Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem"; but on the whole, perhaps, the best things in the volume are the lyrics and certain of the sonnets. There is both grace of utterance and a warmth of human feeling in "Reliance," of which these are the opening stanzas:

> "Not to the swift the race:
> Not to the strong the fight:
> Not to the righteous perfect grace:
> Not to the wise the light.
>
> But often faltering feet
> Come surest to the goal:
> And they who walk in darkness meet
> The sunrise of the soul." . . . . .

And the same qualities are emphasised in the sonnet of "The Child in the Garden," with its beautifully pathetic close. Mr. Van Dyke has considerable technical ability; what is more, he has imagination and writes sensitively, and with that touch of emotion that gives the dead form of poetry its living soul.

Notes on New Books.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

Miss Cornelia Sorabji, who has worked quietly but unceasingly for many years towards bettering the condition of her countrywomen, has just written a volume of stories of child-life in India. **Sun-Babies** (6s. net) is a doubly-interesting collection of studies, firstly, because it is good reading, and secondly because it is a revelation of Indian child-characteristics by one who has the uncommon gift of knowing her subject, as it were, from both sides—from the East and from the West—by reason of her own Eastern birth and Western education. The volume shows a variety of child-natures, and at the same time indicates the racial traits which are common to all. The dusky babies at work and at play, sunny-natured and innocent, or over-shrewd, are described in a style which is of itself strongly marked with the stately phraseology of the East, and at the same time with a humour which never, in the case of these dark-skinned races, seems other than half-pathetic.

MR. JOHN LANE.

A gorgeous volume of Mr. Eugene Field's **Poems of Childhood** (10s. 6d.) has just appeared, bound in scarlet, and decorated within by full-page, coloured illustrations by Mr. Maxwell Parrish. "Decorated" is the right word here, for with his dreamy, imaginative pictures, Mr. Parrish enhances the beauty of these well-loved poems. Strong, light, humorous, felicitous, and always marked by care and finish, the pictures add a new pleasure to the old favourites. Only—we wish he had not attempted to illustrate "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod"; he has materialised an exquisite fancy.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

The Prince Chap, by Edward Peple—the hero of the volume—was a young American sculptor working in London, good at clay-modelling, but blind in the matter of love. He neither knew that he loved Claudia, nor that Claudia loved him, till one day the Earl of Huntingdon broke his own eye-glass from its string and handed it to the obtuse sculptor. Claudia as a heroine, from childhood to womanhood, is captivating with a quite American captivation. But for sheer enjoyment, the pages enlivened by Runion, the wooden-featured serving man, and Puckers, the diminutive serving maid, are the cream of the book.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK.

An entertaining bit of history is given in **The Garrick Club,** by Percy FitzGerald (21s.). The club is one possessing the oldest and best traditions of clubland. Here wits and actors, and all the choice spirits of an earlier century gathered together in good fellowship. The volume is full of anecdote and clever conversation, literary allusion, and varied reminiscence. The illustrations, too, are a striking feature of the book, for the "Garrick" is a picture gallery of repute as well as a "second home." Mr. FitzGerald's literary manner is capitally suited to his subject, showing sympathy, pleasant discursiveness, and a good sense of selection.

The Ancient Castles of Ireland, by C. L. Adams (10s. 6d. net), is an ambitious piece of historical work, for the number of castles in Ireland runs, so it is said, into four figures. Mr. Adams has compiled the history of all the more important ones, and by care and research has made his book something of a history of Ireland herself. Legends and facts, gathered in many cases from the owners of the castles, hold the mystic charm of this imaginative people, and the book is enriched by a great number of sketches by Canon Lucius O'Brien, who is in thorough accord with his subject, and has, as has been said, "a most happy gift for portraying picturesque decay."

THE HOCHI SHIMBUN, TOKYO.

The causes and rights and wrongs of the present war between Japan and Russia have been embodied in a native romance, **Hana, A Daughter of Japan,** by Gensai Murai. Naturally Russia is presented in the dark character in which she has shown herself to Japanese eyes—a great world-power of insatiable greed, using her strength to force possessions and privileges from a small but brave people. The story reveals the love of a dyspeptic American for a lovely Japanese girl, Hana; also it reveals the sinister designs of a brutally-minded Russian, who, by treachery, gains the promise of Hana to be his wife, she, hoping thereby, to acquire important secret knowledge for her country's good. The book, although written in English, is distinctly Japanese in construction and expression, and it well displays the chief Japanese characteristics. In the matter of *format* the volume is an example to British publishers of what artistic volumes may be; in lightness of effect and exquisite finish it is thoroughly Japanese. It is from covers of delicate shades with painted flowers on them that the author bids "Japan fight until the germs of further mischief in Russia be all scraped away." Again the iron hand in the velvet—or rather, the silken glove!

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

It is interesting to feel the fighting spirit lurking in the **Life of Edna Lyall** (5s. net) by J. M. Escreet, for in so many of the articles written at the time of this novelist's death, we were told only, or chiefly, of her deeply religious nature, and not of the qualities which, used always for good, made her books stand out in a way they never could have done had she not been championing a cause. That Edna Lyall was deeply religious in the best and oldest sense of the word, is touchingly proved in this volume; but the strenuous use to which she put her strength and influence, delicate as she was, is also markedly apparent here. She loved to fight for the righteous minority. There is fresh detail in the volume, and the intimate style of the writing well suits the character here revealed.

MR. ELKIN MATHEWS.

When all is said and done, Mr. A. St. John Adcock never does himself such entire justice as when he is writing his short sketches of the seamier side of life. In **London Etchings** (1s. net) he turns the common thing into a thing for laughter and tears, without a trace of pose or artificiality. The poverty is there, but never over-accentuated, the mean streets are just as usual, but he gives us eyes to see them rightly, or as it is best to see them—the humanity beneath the squalor, the romance in the every-day, the humour in the seriousness, the tragedy beneath the monotony. There are many hearty laughs in this slim book, but there is also an unconscious instruction for which we should be grateful and certainly more sympathetic. Here is a little panorama of one side of London without an unnecessary word.

MESSRS. D. HOBBS AND CO., GLASGOW.

The volume, **By Bothwell Banks,** which Mr. George Henderson and Mr. J. Jeffrey Waddell have written and illustrated, may be honestly called an exhaustive history of Bothwell Castle and the neighbourhood. The district chosen by them has been hitherto left almost entirely untouched, and the wealth brought to life by research and close study has in consequence all the value of new information. That the spots deserved a written history must be acknowledged, for they undoubtedly played their part in laying up the materials. The authors have gone back to the earliest times, and with charm of intensely interesting facts and the true narrative style, with the additional help of uncommonly faithful pictures "from the life," the book is praiseworthy and absorbing.

MESSRS. GEORGE NEWNES.

Reviewers make no moanings, however busy the season, when a new book by E. Nesbit comes to hand. In **The Phœnix and the Carpet** (6s.) this delineator of genuine children is more amusing than ever. The adventures all began with an accident, which we will not reveal, when the nursery carpet was burnt, and another, not a new one, was bought in the Kentish Town Road. What was in the carpet, what before long was on the carpet, and how it was worn away by hard work; how, also, copper-coloured savages and scores of Persian cats, and a burglar, and other delectables came into the lives of these Camden Road children—these things are all narrated in intimate fashion by the popular author of "The Treasure-Seekers." Both illustrations and story are of the best.

MR. JOHN BAILLIE.

The "Yellow Book," a little glorified, perhaps even a little chastened, would seem to have come back to us under the title of **The Venture** (7s. 6d. net). It is an annual of art and literature, and it is as clever throughout as its decorated and decorative covers would lead one to hope. Here are gathered together pictures by such artists as Whistler, Sargent, E. J. Sullivan, Frank Brangwyn, and many other celebrities; also poems, essays, and stories by Edmund Gosse, Alice Meynell, Utting Herrick, Charles Marriott, Netta Syrett, and other authors of recognised repute. It is a matter for praise when an attempt is made to bring within general reach a collection of careful and admirable art. Contributors and publisher are to be warmly congratulated on the finished appearance of this generously-planned volume.

MESSRS. A. AND C. BLACK.

"The Homeland Association," which does so much to reveal the beauties, so generally overlooked, of our own land, has now published through Messrs. Black a handsome volume by Mr. W. A. Dutt, **The King's Homeland.** The genuine charm of Norfolk is far too little known as yet; as a county it has been labelled "flat and monotonous," and so, to a great extent, left unexplored. The varying loveliness of its scenery—parks, heaths, marshes, wooded villages and pasture lands, and a coast of unusual historical interest—has been long known and appreciated by Mr. Dutt, whose writings on country subjects are well known; and in this volume, aided by the thoroughly artistic full-page illustrations of Mr. Gordon Home, to whom "the country" is almost a creed, he conveys to his readers the dignified charm of the King's country home, and the deep interest of the surrounding land. Mr. Rider Haggard contributes just the right kind of introduction, telling enough to make a reader curious, and not enough to satisfy his curiosity.

MR. T. N. FOULIS, EDINBURGH.

In the publication of tasteful volumes, thoroughly good as regards their contents, and eminently attractive as gift books, Mr. Foulis has become a specialist. Among his latest specimens is a somewhat noteworthy **Life of Omar Al-Khayyami,** written by a Persian, J. K. M. Shirazi. The author, being able to approach Omar's philosophy as a fellow-countryman, presents the poet to some extent in a new light, not only as the writer of the *Rubáiyát*, but as a man of science and of moods, also as a man of unpopularity with some of the more conventional in Persia. The appearance of this volume is quite striking, its covers, title-page, and initial letters having the effect of an illuminated missal.

Two other pretty white volumes are **Love's Tribute,** by James Whitehead, a sonnet-sequence, melodious and passionate, yet always maintaining a certain stateliness; and **Beeds from the Garden of the World,** chosen by Mary Morgan (Gowan Lee), in which thoughts in prose and poetry from many minds have been brought together. They treat of "Work," "Courage," "Criticism," "The Affections," and other matters that appeal to all. Of the careful production of the volumes one cannot speak too highly.

MESSRS. A. CONSTABLE AND CO.

An interesting volume, which has also a second value as a reference book, is **The History of the Victoria Cross,** by Philip A.

Wilkins (21s. net). It is a handsome book in its severe style of outside decoration, and it contains accounts of the five hundred and twenty acts of bravery for which the coveted Cross has been awarded. Portraits of nearly four hundred of the heroes have also been secured, a gallant collection of soldiers and sailors of all periods since this award for valour was instituted, and of all classes. It forms a sort of telegraph-adventure book, too, for boys, and a volume of many attractions.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

The charm of two countries lies in the quite unique volume, published by Mr. Heinemann, **French Songs of Old Canada** (31s. 6d. net). From cover to cover the folio is genuinely artistic. Mr. Graham Robertson has caught the spirit of the words, and reproduced it in his illustrations. The pretty perfection of his "Cecilia," the real humour in "Petite Jeanneton," the graceful fancifulness of "Joli cœur de Rose," to mention only a few, are examples of originality, delicate skill, and the refinement of colour printing. The songs themselves are typical lilts in many moods, with the old music and an English translation of each song.

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Reprints and New Editions.

Mr. William Hyde is in some ways taking the place of Gustave Doré as an illustrator of classic poems. The Astolat Press has just published a sumptuous reprint of the Oxford text of **The Poetical Works of John Milton;** and Mr. Hyde, by a series of fine etchings, copper-engravings, and mezzotints, has given us his conceptions of certain of the main effects in Milton's poems. It is peculiarly interesting to see that these conceptions are by no means the usual ones. There is nothing hackneyed about his work; he has selected fresh scenes, and well-proved their force and their suitability for illustration; and although the features of his Satan are not as saturnine as we demand they shall be, the whole pose and conception of the figure is extremely fine.

One of the prettiest little editions of **Shakespeare's Works** comes to us from Messrs. William Collins, Sons, and Co., Glasgow. It is called The Bijou Shakespeare, and in six tastefully decorated red volumes gives the plays, sonnets, and poems, with a biographical introduction and an essay on Shakespeare and Bacon, by Sir Henry Irving. The six small volumes contain many interesting and characteristic portraits of actors and actresses in their most celebrated Shakespearian parts. The whole of the attractive edition is enclosed in a useful red linen-covered case.

Two of the latest volumes in the now well-known Red Letter Library of Messrs. Blackie and Son are Tennyson's **In Memoriam** and **Poems by Byron,** 2s. 6d. net each. To the "In Memoriam" is added a careful analysis by the Rev. F. W. Robertson, and Mrs. Meynell enriches the volume by a sympathetic, critical introduction. To the other volume, the introduction is supplied by Mr. Arthur Symons, who proves himself thoroughly familiar with Byron in all his moods.

The Oxford edition of **Boswell's Life of Johnson** (5s. net), just published by Mr. Henry Frowde, is one not easily to be improved upon for handiness and general excellence. For the serious student, Birkbeck Hill's edition must, of course, be used, when the latest and fullest notes are required, but for general reading, this new reprint of the third edition, with its revisions, augmentations, and the notes of Boswell himself, and of Malone, is all that could be wished. The type is admirable, and the general appearance is marked by the quiet, good taste, which is one distinguishing feature of the Oxford books.

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NOVEMBER 10TH TO DECEMBER 10TH, 1904.

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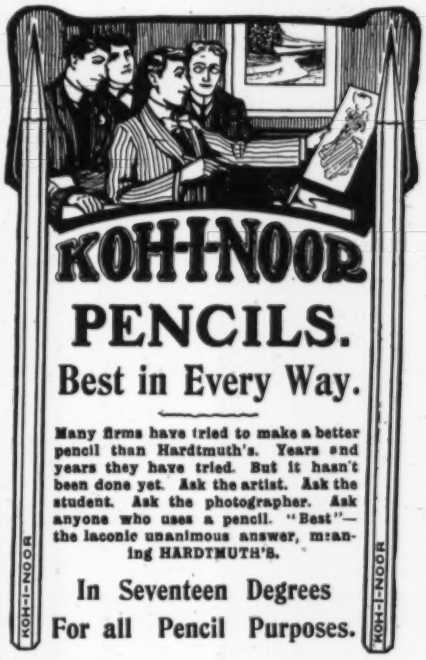

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